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ABSTRACT Designed primarily for English faculty at two-year colleges in California, "Inside English" includes articles on major instructional, curricular, administrative, and employment issues of concern to teachers in the field as well as information on the activities of the English Council of the California Two-Year Colleges (ECCTYC). The Fall 1977, and Winter and Spring 1978 issues contain the following feature articles: (1) "The Demise of Literature: Some Hypotheses and Exhortations," by Don Liles, which looks at ways literature teachers can attract students to read and study literature; (2) "This Kid Can WRITE! A Comp. Program That Works," by Patt McDermid and Marshall Kremers; (3) "Literature and Literacy: Which Should We Teach?" by Peggy Pryzant, which looks at trends in English enrollments; (4) "Literature by the Contract," by Marshall Cook, which explains the use of contract grading in a literature course; (5) "Modern Literature: Best Selling Novel," by Linda G. Wadleigh, which relates experiences teaching a popular literature course; (6) "A Composition Bibliography," compiled by Norm Prinsky; (7) "Oral--Aural Techniques in Remedial Writing Instruction," by Nancy H. Hoot, which describes a way of transferring students' speaking skills to their writing; (8) "Motivating Factors in Developing Student Writing Skills," by Verle Barnes, which recommends that developmental writing instruction be individualized, positive, utilitarian, practical, and enjoyable; (9) "A Practical Approach to Practical Writing," by Anna M. Ingalls, which recommends ways in which remedial writing instructors can encourage and motivate their students; (10) "Voices from Baccalaureate Study and the Marketplace," by Barbara Bilson, which highlights the importance of writing skills in college and on the job; (11) "The Coming of the Classless Society: Garrison's Method," by Liana Nixen, which responds to and applauds Roger Garrison's model of writing feedback; (12) "The English Teacher's Five Foot Shelf: Information, Please in the English Department," by Norm Prinsky, which urges composition instructors to keep abreast of the current literature on teaching writing; (13) "English and Employment: Antonyms?" by Julie Hatoff-MiraCosta, which suggests ways that English majors can capitalize on their skills in the job marketplace; and (14) "Sacred, Profane, and Humane in Department Life," by Hazard Adams, which reveals cycles in departmental politics. (AYC)

inside english

Journal of the English Council of California Two-Year Colleges

FALL 1977,

WINTER 1978,

AND

SPRING 1978

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EDITED BY RICHARD E. BOOTH

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inside english

The Journal of the English Council of the California Two-Year Colleges

Fall 1977

Second Annual Conference

CHAIRPERSONS MEET IN S.F.

By Richard Booth
Crafton Hills College

"Conference" is a word capable of evoking some rather tarnished images: boisterous, tipsy people wearing name tags and stumbling down brightly lighted sidewalks arm-in-arm; bland, lukewarm meals garnished with wilted parsley and highlighted by overdone roast beef; endless meetings led by red-eyed, droning speakers who try—with little success—to make listless audiences respond to discussions about topics that seem more battered and shopworn than the roast beef they had for lunch. The list is familiar.

But the memories of last year's initial, ECCTYC-sponsored chairpersons conference are, for those of us who attended, livelier and more positive than the stereotype. While the social side of the conference was a delightful factor, it never became dominant. There seemed to be a consistent and valuable exchange of ideas in the seminar sessions and during the formal addresses; most of the participants were ready to learn from each other, and they did. Even the food at the Sir Francis Drake was unusually good.

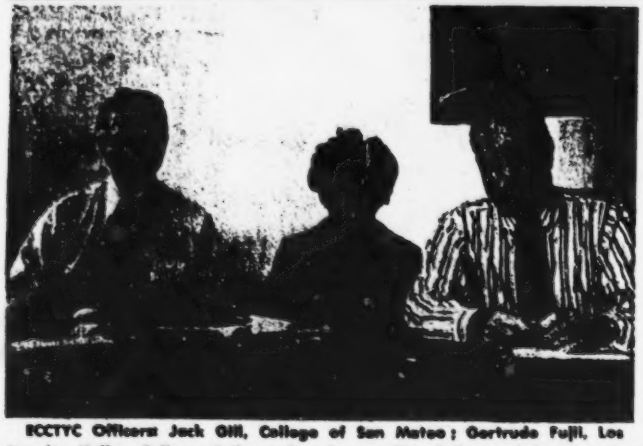
This protracted introduction is meant to be a reassurance: this year's ECCTYC Conference will be worthwhile. It is trite to say that the officers of ECCTYC learned a great deal about organizing a gathering of English chairpersons from most of California's community colleges during the first annual conference. And it is equally cliched to imply that this year's meetings will be made more effective by the experiences and suggestions that emanated from the 1976 sessions. But these assertations must be made. The first conference was a success; this one will be better.

Won't you urge your chairperson to join his/her peers in San Francisco on November 10-12? And have a dean or another department member accompany the chairperson. Because of the encouraging response to last year's conference—more than eighty percent of California's community colleges were represented—ECCTYC has expanded the scope of the meeting and has made it possible for *Two* representatives from each college to attend. Also, in response to comments from last year's participants, the length of the conference has been extended, and meals catered by the Sir Francis Drake have been limited to luncheons, thus freeing all who attend to sample the culinary wonders of San Francisco's fabled restaurants at night.

As many of you know, the newly appointed Chancellor of the California Community Colleges, William Craig, will be one of the keynote speakers during the conference. In addition, smaller group seminars are planned and will deal with holistic grading, flexible calendars, sabbatical leave policies and opportunities, tutorial programs, current legislation that pertains to English departments, time management (I will be an enthused listener at that one), writing labs, and financial planning for teachers who wish to travel, write, and otherwise enhance their lives. A dipcussion on the department chairperson as a management employee is sure to develop into a highly charged debate, and Tim Gunn's presentation on developing grant proposals should be especially interesting(he represents N.E.H.). However, the showstopper just may be Hazard Adams' witty address on "The Sacred and Profane in Department Life."

Those attending the conference have another bonus to look forward to in addition to the program and the company. San Francisco's appeal still makes it California's strongest urban magnet. The restaurants, the plays, the singular ambience of a city that has never been fully explored or tapped by anyone...these things require no Chamber of Commerce sales pitch to lure visitors.

ECCTYC's officers look forward to greeting your representatives at the Sir Francis Drake. The initial meeting begins *at noon* on Thursday, November 10. And though the following day *is* a holiday, the conference will remain in session. There is a certain nobility to a meeting held when students and comrades are enjoying a brief vacation ... but if your chairperson is a pragmatist whose nobility quotient is strained by holiday meetings, remind him or her of those crisp, envigorating evenings in San Francisco; the fresh, savory memory of a gourmet meal lightens one's step when walking to an ACT production at Marines Memorial Theatre. That should be adequate compensation for the loss of a holiday.



ECCTYC Officers: Jack Gill, College of San Mateo; Gertrude Fujii, Los Angeles Valley College College; Don Snepp, City College of San Francisco.

ECCTYC President's Column

Don Snepp, CCSF

As we start a new year with both old and new problems, may I assure you that ECCTYC will continue to do what it can to support our discipline. May I again remind all of our colleagues that ECCTYC is an organization modeled on the English Council, CSU & C, from which it developed. Consequently, some of our meetings primarily involve chairpersons. However, all English instructors in California are cetainly included in the regional conference that we give where instructors are both panelists and participants, exchanging problems, solutions, and views together.

Our department chairpersons' meeting in San Francisco last November was so successful, with 81 colleges represented, that we are mounting a similar conference this November and inviting two persons from each department—the chairperson and perhaps his vice chairperson, composition director, dean of instruction or some other person directly related with the department. Presidents of all colleges have been contacted by letter and urged financially to support the participation of at least one and hopefully two persons from each college.

Out of last November's conference has continued and grown an effort to construct a grant proposal for the improvement of writing in California two-year colleges. After initial input from ECCTYC officers and an advisory committee, including other statewide faculty associations and specialized consultants, there has evolved a grant proposal which is now in its second draft. Continuing input is now being received, and I sincerely hope that copies of a third draft proposal will be available for the chairpersons who meet in November.

Meanwhile, our work upon the improvement of articulation continues, and this issue of *i.e.* is added proof that we are continuing our attempt to maintain an information service and exchange for all two-year college English instructors in California.

With our second chairpersons' conference set for this month, it is quite probable that most regional conferences will be held in the spring. In fact, ECCTYC officers meeting in November will be urged immediately to start planning such conferences. In one or two regions, where distances are great and topography difficult, planning such meetings is complicated. However, we feel that most conferences will be within fairly easy driving distance, and I am confident that the programs will be rewarding. Please look forward to this, plan to attend, and in the meantime, please offer any input you wish to your chairperson, who in turn will probably be reporting back to all of you upon his or her return from our November conference. We also welcome your contributions to this publication, which is supported by the dues paid by many two-year colleges. Most important, please consider both our conferences and this publication *your* forum.

inside english, the journal of the English Council of California Two-Year Colleges, is published three times each year (fall, winter, and spring). Articles of interest to community college English teachers should be forwarded to:

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Poetry is often included in the journal; those submitting poems should enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if they wish their material returned.

Journal ad rates: $5 per colum inch; half page, $125; full page, $200. Send inquiries about advertising space to Richard Booth at the above address.

Literature and Literacy

Which Should We Teach?

By Peggy Pryzant,
Modesto Jr. College

At Modesto, up until this semester, literature courses have stayed in our schedule of classes and have been figured in as part of an instructor's teaching load until pre-registration figures showed that just a handful of students (or in some cases no students at all) had signed up for the class. For this fall, our department head announced that no literature courses except for the three most popular electives would be scheduled. Enrollments in literature courses have been falling off for six or seven years, but befofe the severe budget rollbacks, no one minded if a full-time instructor taught a literature section with six students or even less. Now that our student body is changing and our enrollments are temporarily dwindling, English departments like ours need to get together with English departments of their neighboring state colleges and universities. We need to take a fresh look at what students are taking English classes and together we should decide which college should teach which classes.

Ten years ago the state colleges and universities were brimming with English majors and therefore relied on two year colleges to provide the survey courses that majors were expected to have taken by the time they transferred. Nowadays, four year colleges, happy to provide for what few English majors come their way, are not likely to turn away students who have transferred from two year colleges without taking the "required" prerequisites, our two year college students no longer need to take survey courses in English and American literature to transfer as junior year English majors; most state college and university English departments have followed Berkeley's lead in shifting the survey courses to their upper divisions. Although two-year college curriculums have traditionally been geared toward preparing our students to transfer as juniors, not even those few students who transfer as majors need our literature courses to fulfill requirements.

Community college English instructors need to recognize that our current students are not the same ones who filled our literature survey classes ten years ago. Only a minority of our students actually transfer and of these, only a small percentage plan to major in any discipline of the humanities. As a result of current efforts and funding to attract the type of students who would not have considered attending college ten years ago and the effects of the well-publicized "literacy crisis," two year colleges get many students whose reading and writing skills are below acceptable achievement levels for entering high school students and a number of older students who need refresher courses to regain their skills. We have more students coming to us wanting to learn how to read a page in their textbooks than wanting to learn to analyze a poem, more wanting to learn the format for writing a job application cover letter than needing to learn how to write research papers for upper division courses. Our students want English classes that will help them read and write well enough to get by in their other courses and on their jobs, yet many of us who offer English classes still perceive our primary functions as "enrichers of our students' lives" and guardians of high culture.

What kind of budgetary cutbacks will it take to make us offer only the courses that fit the needs of our students? The college where I taught last year was forced to cut back its English offerings, so for their spring quarter schedule they dropped the only section of remedial English offered at the college but continued to offer courses in California Literature and Creative Writing that had had low enrollments for the past few years.

Two-year college instructors should quit clinging to the dwindling elective courses that most of us were trained, and perhaps even hired, to teach, and we should start considering the needs of our students. When we meet with nearby four-year colleges, we should compare our elective offerings to theirs and be willing to eliminate any courses, including our surveys of English, American and World Literature, that are similar in content to those that they offer.

Elective literature courses have often been the favorite courses in our teaching loads, and asking us to hand them over is like asking us to part with heirlooms. What shall we ask for in return? Now that enrollments are lower than in previous years, administrators have reduced our departmental budgets, and because some of us have heard threats that we would be losing our jobs because of college-wide attrition and the resulting funding cutbacks, we should ask state-supported colleges and universities to let us handle the new demand for remedial courses that will come about when large numbers of entering freshmen score poorly on the English placement tests that they will be given for the first time this August.

Send responses to i.e.

Literature By The Contract

by Marshall Cook,
Solano Community College

I haven't graded a literature essay in a year.

I've read hundreds of them, of course, commented, evaluated, tried to foster a written dialogue with my students to complement the verbal one in the classroom, but I haven't graded a theme in a year.

Instead, I have been teaching literature by the contract.

I was motivated to try contract grading by a frustration born of ten years of teaching literature to lower-division college students. How was I to grade a student's encounter with and response to literature, given the subjective nature of that response? How was I to encourage this response, knowing that fear of my letter-grade evaluation might abort it? How was I to avoid penalizing the student who is unable to express his or her feelings clearly and smoothly in writing, especially in classes that carry no prerequisites?

First, I found that I had to give up the notion that I had the ability or the right to pass judgment on my students' insides. Instead, I had to find a way to encourage whatever is best in them, to help them to be all they can be, and not all that I think they should be.

I have always shunned objective tests in literature classes, always stressed the subjective encounter, told my students that there are no 'right answers,' that one's response to literature is a unique and personal thing, that the poem, story, or novel isn't really finished until the reader experiences it.

Still, I was left with the necessity of assigning a letter grade at semester's end and the traditional evaluation tool, the essay. Giving a student a "C" on his unique and personal feelings was equal, in many students' eyes, to saying "You are a 'C' person."

Somewhere along a trail of student themes riddled with my red-inked justifications for grades I didn't want to give, I had heard on numerous occasions, "But Mr. Cook, I worked really hard on this paper. Shouldn't my effort count for something?"

"Quality, not quantity," I pontificated.

But I knew that my students had a valid point. In an area in which there are no right answers (although some answers are clearly "wrong" in the sense that they are projections of feeling into a literature that does not contain it), in an open-door class providing many students with their best or only chance to encounter literature, the threat of my grade might drive them away, might close the door on a world I consider precious.

Thus, I was ready to give the contract system a try.

I set out to establish a system in which, I readily admit, quantity seems to take precedence over quality. To obtain a passing grade in my literature courses, a student would be required to attend class, with reading assignments prepared, and to participate (I recognize silent participation and tell them so) in class discussions, role plays, and group projects. In addition, I would offer a list of extra projects. The "C" grade would require three projects, the "B" six, and the "A" nine. Students would not have to tell me ahead of time how many or which projects they chose to do (unlike the traditional contract system), but we would have conferences to keep track of each student's progress.

To prevent an end-of-semester avalanche of projects, I divided the course into segments (easy to do historically in a survey course, fun to do thematically in a genre course) and gave specific due-dates for projects on each segment.

Constructing the list of projects took as much time and effort as book selection and writing the course outline itself. I offered standard essay questions following each segment; I included in each segment the stipulation that the student could construct his-her own topic and form, in consultation with me.

Initial student response was cautious optimism.

"You mean, if we do all nine projects, we all get A's?"

"Absolutely," I assured them, inwardly shuddering at what my dean of instruction would say should this come to pass.

My primary worry, however, was not that my students would all earn A's. I was worried that, as a few colleagues warned, with all standards removed, I would receive sloppy, thoughtless projects.

As a last-minute precaution, I inserted the word "acceptable" in front of the first mention of projects in the syllabus. I wasn't exactly certain what "acceptable" was supposed to mean, but I would know "unacceptable" when I saw it.

In five classes taught by this modified contract system thus far, I have rejected as unacceptable a grand total of five projects. Two were immediately rewritten and resubmitted for credit.

I have been overwhelmed by the quality of student work. Removing the ABCDF yardstick, far from promoting inferior work, seems to have allowed student responses to expand and deepen. Finally assured that I would not judge their feelings, that their grade would not depend upon whether or not their visions coincide with mine, my students, or most of them anyway, have come to trust me with their responses, born of their true selves. I have never been more pleased with student work.

I am equally pleased with the new eagerness with which I approach the task of reading student themes. (Hear me out! I am no crazier than most other English teachers. No saner, either.) Freed from the burden of justifying the grade I plan to assign (often I knew what grade an essay would receive after the first two sentences), I can now make comments that deal honestly and, I hope, productively with student thought. I can give myself completely to the task of provoking the deeper encounter. I can praise lavishly and honestly.

A second positive result grows out of the first. On days when projects are being returned, the classroom totally lacks that deadening, community-destroying, sullen silence, the condemned man/woman awaiting the executioner. Also absent is that bane of the teacher's existence, the game of "whatchaget?" which we have trained our students to play. Not absent, however, has been keen student anticipation of seeing my comments on their work.

As I become more positive in my response to their work, my students begin to take chances, writing short plays and poems, parables and fables. Although most of my students still opt for written responses, our classes have been enriched by occasional dramatic readings, musical collages, one-act plays, even slide and cassette shows.

When the day of final judgment comes, I won't claim that all of the problems inherent in grading miraculously disappear. The borderline case exists in contract grading just as it exists in other schemes. What do you do with the student who attends class, participates, turns in five projects, when six are needed for the "B," and who is an awfully nice fellow?

Although such agonies persist, in a full year of contract grading, I have not had a single student complaint or challenge about a final grade. (Read that sentence again. Does it seem possible?) Students seem to believe in the fairness of the method, will abide by the rules explained to them at the first class session, and will accept the results of their own efforts or lack of them.

Despite my assertion that all might receive A's under the contract system, my grade distribution has gone up only slightly. In most cases, I felt that the grades are richly deserved, although I regret a few cases of the "mediocre A." (Why this should bother me I'm not quite sure.)

A second testimony to student satisfaction with the contract system comes with the student evaluations I have received. As students labored over the open-ended essays I asked them to write for me on course content, presentation, and class atmosphere, many asked if I planned to use the contract system the following semester. I told them that my decision would depend in part on the student evaluations of the experiment. Almost every evaluation included a plea for continuance of the contract.

One student in my "American Hero" class wrote:

> No cramming for tests or trying to second guess the teacher. All we were told to do was think...Because of the way this class was presented, no one was held back except by themselves....There were times when people stood in front of this class and laid themselves open to rejection and possible ridicule- which never came. People said...this is who I am!

My own evaluation of the contract system is by no means complete. The necessity for further modification will continue to present itself as I encounter more literature with more students. As I begin making my plans for next semester, however, I know that I will be using the contract system, which has freed me to build community and nurture student response to literature in ways I had thought could only come with the elimination of grading.

Poet's Memo: Things to Do

Rock boats
Get goats
Note motes
Gloat gloats
Clear coasts
Boast boasts
Raise ghosts
Toast toasts
Smooth gauche
Loathe gross,
Verbose
Work close
Cloak jokes
Coax folks
Hoax blokes
Lose votes
Ah so

5

By Mort Tenenbaum
LACC Overseas

Modern Literature: Best Selling Novel

by Linda G. Wadleigh,
El Camino College

I feel compelled to share my recent experiences in a new course I designed called Modern Literature: Best-Selling Novels. The idea for the course came about when our Humanities Division found its enrollment in some traditional English classes dwindling, a problem shared by many community colleges across the state. Our dean thus suggested a study of best sellers, which might tap an audience of readers, albeit possibly not scholars nor English majors. Being a best-sellers "freak," as well as an enthusiastic advocate of current popular literature--well, some of it, anyway--I seemed to be the logical choice for the job.

In planning the course, I stepped up my reading, glorying in the luxury that it was part of my job. After deciding early that I couldn't require students to buy so many overpriced hard-cover books, I put in post-card requests at various libraries for hard-cover best sellers and bought many of the paperbacks.

An invaluable (and deductible) aid in teaching this kind of a course, it seems to me, is the **New York Times Book Review**, which, in addition to the valid list of both paperback and hard-cover best sellers nationwide,* also prints a column called, "Behind the Best sellers," featuring a new author each week and providing interesting tidbits for class consumption. More importantly, in December of 1976 the NYTBR published a list of best selling paperbacks for the whole year, a list I used extensively in selecting titles for the syllabus. (I chose some for the reading list, but allowed the students to vote on some titles as well.)

*Some best-sellers lists are spurious. See an article which discusses this problem by David Shaw, "Best Seller May or May Not Be One," Los Angeles Times, Sept. 17, 1976, Part 1, Page 1.

Preparing for a course such as this is not without its drawbacks. First, I was embarrassed about some of the less-than-classic novels which could not be excluded from the course. For example, Jacqueline Susann could hardly be omitted since every one of her trivial romans a clef made the lists and stayed for months. I justified her inclusion with the intention of illustrating (inductively) just how inane her stuff is as compared with, for example, Saul Bellow's or Chaim Potok's or Thomas Tryon's. Also, part of the raison d'etre for this course is certainly to ascertain the criteria for best sellers and to try to decipher the tastes of the American public. Notwithstanding all these internalized justifications, I hid **The Love Machine** under **Herzog** or even under Wambaugh's **Choir Boys** when on campus, fearing ridicule and embarrassment. Was I pandering to current fads in writing? Was I using inferior material or watering down a literature course? Now that the course is over, I can answer an honest no to both questions.

The course was worthwhile for several reasons. First, the students each read 10 novels, no small feast for some of them while for other voracious appetites, a small morsel. In addition to the 10, however, everyone was familiarized through oral reports with approximately 50 more books, both fiction and non-fiction. Thus, the appetite to read was whetted in some, further stimulated in others.

Also, the writing that the students did and the discussions we had about the books were designed to make discriminating, critical, and sensitive readers of the class members, worthwhile objectives in any English course, it seems to me. Instead of the traditional (hackneyed?) type of book report, I illustrated early how critics wrote reviews and asked the students to do the same, using some of the techniques that we found in several reviews we studied carefully, ones I had selected from **Time Magazine** and the **New York Times Book Review**.

The discussions, stimulated by the nature of the best-sellers themselves and by questions and worksheets given out the week before, proved even more valuable in drawing evaluations from the students. Contrary to my fears of elementary material eliciting like responses, the students discussed the writers' techniques, illustrated critical faculties by comparing author with author, and evaluated each book from the standpoint of style, characterization, or theme. For example, the need for explicit sex in a novel came up in the discussion of **Looking for Mr. Goodbar** by Judith Rossner. The students easily picked up the difference in the handling of sex by Rossner and by Susann, the former as necessary and integral to the personality of Terry, the main character, the latter a shallow and gratuitous titillation for commercial purposes.

Another example of a valuable discussion is the one which dealt with the use of details by various authors. Most of the class readily admitted that Thomas Tryon in **Lady** needed to give profuse examples of Lady's clothes, her house, her car, her mannerisms in order to fill out the characterization; whereas Frank De Felitta used detail in **Audrey Rose** to attempt to legitimize the belief in reincarnation, a premise upon which the whole plot stands or falls.

Thus, since no class member was neutral about the material under discussion --strong emotions and varying life styles were revealed often-- we had some very stimulating and worthwhile discussions.

I devised a take-home final examination of two options. The students with a creative bent could choose to write an outline for a best-selling novel, supposedly to be sent to a publisher for consideration. The second option required a student to name and justify 5 criteria for judging a best-selling novel. We had discussed none of these overtly, but a sharp student would have picked up many criteria throughout the semester. During the final examination period, we pooled the criteria, coming up with a list of 15 or so; then I read parts of the plot outlines, settings, characterizations, to see if some of the criteria were met by our would-be authors, roughly thereby predicting best-seller potential.

I must mention one factor which helped to make the class a success; that is, we met only one night per week for 3 hours. In addition to being convenient for students to come onto campus only once, this also gave them one full week to read a novel, 2 weeks for some books. It also encouraged continuity in the discussions.

The experience of teaching this class was both exhausting and exhilarating. Among the rewards were the comments from many of the very enthusiastic students, who, at the end of the semester, stated that they had gained insight into current popular literature which would serve them in future reading experiences. Many also added that they had had fun during the semester, and so did I.

SATIRE

Compliments of Barbara Dilworth
Golden West College

To: Donna Willoughby 9-20-76
Chairperson, Communications Division, Golden West College

From: Luella Logoplex, Director, Coast Committee on Idiomatic Equivalency in Executive Communiques (CCIEEC)

Re: 1975-76 GWC Communications Divison Annual Report

CCIEEC took notice of your annuary report of recent date and the following monitory desiderate should be expressed and related to you, as indeed, this very memo threatens to do: to wit, your language is too direct, in fact, counter to that necessary elitism which must be maintained if, District willing, we educators are to continue to foment public belief that we in truth earn our keep. When students, if I may be blunt, can tell the academic content of a course from its catalogic title, might they ultimately and dangerously operate in a theatre of enlightened choice, a bane of our system?

Therefore, we of CCIEEC, in order to aid the Communications Division in the search for obscurity, suggest the following revisions of your embarrassingly simple and recklessly clear course titles:

Speech 050--Speech Communications Skills, to be retitled EXPERTISM IN SPEECHIFICATION, BASIC LEVEL

Speech 060--Practical Speaking Skills, to be retitled FUNDAMENTAL VERBALIZATION PERPERTRATION AND METAGROBOLIZATION

Speech 071-Family Storytelling, to be retitled LINEAGE ORAL INTERCHANGE

Speech 072-Assertive Training (your best effort), to be retitled ASSERTORY FACTORS AND FUNCTIONS IN HUMAN BEHAVIOR

Speech 073--Listening (an embarrassingly simple effort of yours at naming a college course!), to be retitled INTRODUCTION TO AURICULAR ATTENTION

Unfortunately, CCIEEC itself failed to find an acceptable way to retitle what you call Speech 074-Communicating Clearly, since it was clear to us, we think, that such a course was a bad joke on your part.

Avuncularly yours,

6 LL

A Composition Bibliography

compiled by Norm Prinsky, Golden West College

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Marlene Griffith Laney College

A Friday in Radiation Therapy

by
Jean Hayes Miller

The timer clicked off. I rolled my chair back from the desk and walked to the wall switch. Through the windowed double doors I could see that the needle on the Geiger Counter had drifted down scale and the audible clicks of the counter had stopped. I pushed the wall switch and walked down the short hallway leading to the Cobalt room. As I pushed the second wall switch, the heavy lead-lined door leading to the Cobalt unit started on its slow and laborious track.

I walked into the room and Barbara walked in behind me. We both reached for the treatment table and pulled it away from the Cobalt machine. Barbara Pauley -- quick and efficient Barbara. By the time I thought of doing something, like making out orders for blood counts, she had it done. I always enjoyed working with her.

As I helped Mr. Johnson up from the treatment table Dr. Fieldby came into the room.

"Jean," said Dr. Fieldby, "Nick Anzalone is back today. Could we get him in next?"

"Sure, Dr. Fieldby, Mr. Johnson will be out of here in a couple minutes."

"Mr. Johnson," I said, "before you leave today I want to weigh you. It's Friday and I'm sure you remember we always weigh on Friday." I hoped he had caught the sarcastic ring in my voice. Weighing patients -- on any day -- was such a useless gesture. Some of them lost weight but most of them didn't. But it was a rule to weigh the patients every Friday. It was Clara's rule. Clara was the supervisor and she made certain rules. Clara was an uptight supervisor and though she often lost sight of the fact that there were people involved in the Department of Radiation Therapy -- patients and personnel -- she never lost sight of the rules.

I walked out of the Cobalt room with Mr. Johnson and weighed him on the scale in the hallway, recording it in his chart.

"See you Monday, Mr. Johnson."

Dr. Fieldby was sitting at the desk. He handed me Nick Anzalone's chart and a chest x-ray. He didn't have to elaborate. I had treated Nick a few months ago. He was diagnosed as having a sarcoma of the right femur and received the standard treatment for the disease. A high dose of radiation was given to the affected leg on the Linear Accelerator, the leg was amputated, and the hopeful wait began. It was clear by Nick's presence here today the hope was limited. As I looked at the chest x-ray I could see the outline of an obvious metastic site. Nick's disease had spread to his lungs.

I walked to the patient waiting area and called his name. I hadn't seen Nick since the surgery but as he looked up I saw that handsome face. He was nineteen and tall -- over six foot tall with dark hair and eyes -- a fine looking Italian boy.

He leaned forward in the chair and pushed himself out of it. He put the metal crutches in motion and mostly dragged his artificial leg. The walk back to the Cobalt unit was slow and we did it in silence.

The treatment was set up quickly. Dr. Fieldby and I left the Cobalt room and I sat down at the desk to start the timer. The treatment time was short. Nick's mother came to the desk and I gave her an appointment card for the following week. As Nick and his mother started down the hallway, I realized it was lunch time and stopped in a bathroom to wash my hands.

Through the bathroom door I heard Clara's voice calling after Nick.

"Nick," she yelled, "we didn't weigh you."

I fumbled at the door with wet hands and got to the hallway. Clara stood beside the scale with Nick's chart in her hand.

"Clara," I said, "we can't weigh him, the leg, the leg, you know about his leg."

"Jean, you didn't weigh him."

"But, Clara, I didn't weigh him because of the leg, it wouldn't be a true weight anyway. Let's forget..." I couldn't say any more as Nick might overhear me.

It was difficult for him to get on the scale. The metal bar under his shoe kept slipping against the metal of the scale. Balancing was difficult but when he finally stood still I took his crutches.

I don't know how much he weighed -- he and that leg. I don't know how much an artificial leg weighs. But he was weighed that Friday. Him, the metal, the plastic -- the real and the false of Nick Anzalone.

Jean Hayes Miller ("A Friday in Radiation Therapy--) is a registered radiation therapist taking night classes in a Women's Re-Entry Program. She is thinking of majoring in English.

My Father — The Man and His Work

by Bernard Peyton

We lived in a small farming community in northern Mississippi, and with the exception of a small sawmill in the area, and of course housework for the women, farming was the only work open to blacks in the nineteen fiftys.

My father chose not to be a farmer unlike his father before him; instead he chose to leave home at a very early age to go to work in a lumber camp, and he made that his life's work. My father was big man who stood over seven feet and weighed well over three hundred pounds. His personality had two extremes. He could be the gentle giant that he was to me, the youngest of his ten children. He loved dogs and mules. Mules came first for they were his work. His philosophy was, "A logger is as good as his mules; his mules are as good as he treats them." So Sam and Rusty, the two giant iron greys that he was so proud of, had no complaints, and neither did Ludy and Troy, the two black and tan hounds that he had trained since pups to be "the best damn coon dogs in Mississippi," as he'd say. Or he could be as mean and destructive as a mad grizzly, like the time a local merchant called him a liar in a dispute over the balance of a grocery bill he owed. He chased the merchant from the store and left the store in chambles.

He worked very hard and enjoyed the distinction of being the best logger in those parts. He enjoyed the beauty of the forest and did his bit to preserve it, even at a time when most thought our forest land was so vast it would last forever. He marked every tree so that it caused as little damage as possible to other trees when it fell.

Being a logger didn't offer the security of being a sharecropper, which was just another name for slavery in most cases. In winter, when the weather was bad, loggers couldn't work, creating hardships for their families. It didn't matter to farmers; after the harvest there was nothing for them to do until Spring. But even that didn't lure him from his trade. Beside the genuine satisfaction he got from his work, he felt that a man could only be a man when allowed to think for himself. So he spent his winters hunting, cutting and selling firewood, when the weather would allow it, or just sitting by the fire telling funny stories or teaching me and my brothers to sing harmony. In the winter of nineteen fifty-eight he caught pneumonia and died.

Bernard Peyton is a singer who has "performed professionally all his life." He writes that he was born in Potts Camp, Mississippi on November 16, 1948. By the time he was fifteen both his parents were dead, putting him in the position of having to provide for himself. His high school career is spread over six schools in four states. He served two years in the armed services, including a year in Vietnam. A third semester student at Laney College, he hopes to transfer to San Francisco State University and major in Media Communication. This is the first "paper" he ever wrote.

I lived on a farm in Nebraska when I was a child. What I remember the most about it is milking the cow, and pulling weeds out of the fields. We had an old windmill, that we got all our water from. We had oil lamps for light. there was no runing water, or electricity on the old farm. The last thing I remember about it is the hail storm that ruinned all our crops. That is when my Dad sold out and moved to Idaho

---

Larry Runyon is a fireman, going to school at night. He has sheared sheep, worked in a pea factory, raised hay and potatoes, worked as a carpenter, and done a tour in the navy. He hopes to get a degree in fire science.

A Drum For Austin

Austin was the maverick, the eccentric, with his sardonic wit and mordant cynicism; he was the first to drink beer, popped pills long before I knew he was doing so, and I'd found out that lately he'd even done a bit of purse snatching.

He was the outcast poet laureate of the basketball and tennis teams, the rebel, who was once committed to the local institution for observation because he'd already been observed (and apprehended) while cavorting around a deserted schoolyard one night wearing nothing but his undershorts-- on his head. And later, of course, he could boast to unsuspecting females, "I used to be crazy", fixing them with a maniacal grin, then shifting his crazed eyes about the room for approval before he would roll backward into fits of laughter, the joke on himself and whoever would listen.

I was ready to shine the whole thing on, there was nothing we could do now, I figured, but of course there was...

In an inspired moment of joy and recklessness, Bob Farrell grabbed a wastebasket, and with a fullthroated war cry, smashed it through a small peep-window near the top of the door.

I thought he must be crazy, but by that time Austin had his arm through the opening and had reached down and flipped the latch from the other side. He pushed the door open and we followed him into the band room.

There were four or five rows of folding chairs behind black metal music stands. The instruments were cased and silent in a corner of the room, but Austin ignored them and made his way for the drums at the rear; selecting a snare and a pair of sticks, with a yell of triumph, he began banging away.

We knew it was time to leave. I unlocked a window, snapped it open, and we were back out on the lawn once more.

Austin carried the drum at his belt. Everyone was laughing and letting go with short yelps and howls as he began to march back across the yard.

Thankfully, I thought, I lived in an opposite direction from the rest of the guys, and said I'd see them tomorrow as I headed home.

Looking over my shoulder, and then backpedaling a bit, I watched and listened to them march and sing off across the rear lawn and parking lot. Austin was strutting exaggerated steps, beating out a clumsy cadence, rat-a-tat-tatting away into the night.

And the guys were dancing and jigging all around him, hooting and pushing and catcalling to one another, and I was glad to be on my own, knowing they'd never make it, but they did.

Austin played his drum a few times after that...for a couple of days until he realized he couldn't play it at all. He stashed it, for want of a better place, in the woods next to Bob Farrell's home, where it rusted, and rotted, while we followed Austin onto other, more enticing things.

It was Austin too, who, when everyone else was just beginning to dare to let their hair grow a la the Beatles, ceremoniously had us shave his head one night out behind the Carvel stand.

And so it was Austin that, late on yet another night, we followed in a tight little raiding party past the empty tennis courts and football field washed in starlight, to the red brick-and-glass building that was our high school, standing dark and solemn away before us...Austin's army. No that wasn't what they called us, but should have, for he was our general, and we, his regulars.

Austin had decided he wanted a drum. Actually, he'd always wanted a drum, always rapping out the solo from "Wipeout" on desktops, car hoods, and garbage can lids, but tonight he'd made up his mind to go about getting one.

The music room was located at the rear of the school, and we'd beelined for it after scaling the eight foot chain link along the hill.

We spread along the thin shadow of the building and began lifting and grunting at the windows until after a moment I found one that gave and we all climbed into the classroom where I had taken my drivers ed.

I think it was there that I finally realized we were tresspassing and was sure we'd be caught-- I'm always sure I'll be caught. It was one of those situations you find yourself in and wonder what the hell you're doing there in the first place, but know you'll see it through for fear of losing face with your buddies.

Austin cautiously opened the door to a dimly lit hallway...I was sure that at any moment we would hear a startled yell and a night janitor, or watchman, or the Chief of Police or my own mother would appear in that hall, and in a flash, my good name would be ruined, I'd disgrace my family, get five to life in the pen. But no one appeared, nothing of the sort happened.

What did happen, was that Austin was at the door to the music room, trying the knob, cursing that it was locked.

Art McBreen ("A Drum for Austin") is a veteran returning to school. He is interested in Transcendental Meditation.

VIETNAM

By Bill Blaylock

The most frightening experience I ever had was when I arrived in South Vietnam. After I got off an Air Force Jet (C-141), truck pulled up with a load of body bags. Then I asked myself, what in the hell was I doing here? Then after two weeks of training, I was put on a C-131, and sent up North to Quant-Tri, where I was with Second Battation, Fourth Marines. After twenty months in the country, I was hit frag doing a rocket attack. I took most of it in the left leg. I begin to think, I would never walk again. But as you see, I came back in one piece.

Bill Blaylock is a Vietnam veteran who works for the state and goes to night school.

You all hear

authentic voices

send them to i.e.

Oral — Aural Techniques in Remedial Writing Instruction

by Nancy H. Hoot,
Los Angeles Southwest College

"You just said it--what you can write. Listen to yourself." And with both of us feeling a sense of accomplishment, we play back a recording of a conversation between me and a student who was sure he could find nothing to write about; or else had only the vaguest notion about stating a specific idea. For this kind of student, committing thoughts to paper is as intimidating as being frisked. Yet conversation with an empathetic instructor who has already taken the trouble to know something about his goals and interests is not threatening. This is so, even though he knows a tape recorder is on. The talk is guided by questions about feelings, thoughts, examples, and lubricated with those little social sounds of encouragement: "Tell me more, is that so? That's interesting."

Extra emphasis on oral and aural techniques has been useful to me for teaching a specialized, federally-funded class designed for students planning to enter health-service occupations who need basic language skills. My task has been to select and develop materials, as well as methods, to help educationally disadvantaged students catch up on basic vocabulary, reading, and composition skills they will need for required studies. These materials have an occupational orientation so that students will perceive a fairly direct relationship between what they are required to learn in English and their future employment. They like this practical approach. For instance, there are several lessons about Greek and Latin root words, prefixes and suffixes and their use in building a medical vocabulary. Also, much of the reading and discussion material relates to the medical field. Grammar and lessons on reading for the main idea come out of the same articles read for medical information.

Although this is a class specialized for a particular occupation, I have adapted from my approaches used in teaching remedial writing fundamentals and freshman composition. Whenever I made the effort to key at least some of the readings, vocabulary lists, and composition assignments to student's individual preferences, their efforts increased because they felt it was a learning project tailored for them.

This specialized class of twenty students or less goes at a fast pace. There is time for intensive attention and prescription for the individual needs of the students and one-to-one tutoring of one-half hour or sometimes an hour a week for each. They are required to spend an hour a week outside class in the Learning Resource Center studying A-V materials directly correlated to in-class discussions of assignments on vocabulary, grammar, essay development, or reading. This plan results in more than the usual work for the student but also more than the usual interaction between student and instructor. It also results in the majority of students, who complete the course, raising their reading achievement test levels at least 1.5 grade levels and many go up 2.0 to 3.0 grade levels. One student made a leap of 4 grade levels between pre-test, mid-way test, and post-test.

For remedial English students, oral-aural practice is often effective because they are not readers, not even for pleasure. But they do watch and listen to television and films, do listen to tapes and radio. They don't, however, hear language spoken the way they should write it in understandable sentences or essays. Also, their listening habits are sloppy. Invariably, they ignore, fail to notice, or misinterpret instructions. Therefore, they need repetition and reinforcement of sound matched to written word.

However, when they struggle to explain an idea orally, they often say it better than they wrote it in the essay just submitted. Or when they read an offending sentence aloud, they often catch their own error, particularly if they hear it played back on a tape recorder.

As you know, students from ethnic minorities in particular lose the "ed" ending for past tense verbs. They slur over the "s" ending for third person singular present tense verbs, or the "s" ending for possessives. They form the past tense of irregular verbs improperly. All because they don't hear American Standard Dialect spoken in their communities or anywhere else, consistently. And there is no lifetime experience with the written word for them to imitate. Therefore, I make available a variety of materials in several media to which students may listen repeatedly if they need these things:

--vocabulary words pronounced correctly
--verb forms and verb phrases
--irregular verbs
--complete, well-structured sentences, labeled as to type
--phonics
--words for specialized study (medical in this case)
--composition lessons on paragraph development and the essay (Educulture Mini-Courses of tapes and programmed booklets are well designed for this purpose.)
--reading skill practice lessons on tape or in slide-sound packages.

All these are useful supplements to classroom lessons by the instructor. Some of these materials are meant as aides to memorization. A student remarked, "When I hear the vocabulary on the Language Master cards and at the same time look at them and repeat them, it really helps me remember." The students receive a semester schedule of assignments correlated to a different A-V offering each week in the Learning Resource Center. The A-V materials and Language Master machine, tape players and projecters are kept for student use under supervision at the Center where each of their visits is recorded. In addition, I use my compact personal tape recorder in class or in office conferences with students.

Another use of the tape recorder is to let students hear the difference in quality between writings of varying craft. Students may not know why they choose one as better than the other--that is for the instructor to help them explore--but if they listen with their eyes on the written work, they can recognize clarity, smoothness of language, and reasonable organization.

However, the tape-recording and listening method has proven even more effective for the individual who revises compositions by confronting the sound of fragmented sentences, run-ons, dangling modifiers, and confused words or expressions. The student listens to herself, hears that it sounds awkward and tries another way. Again and again the tapes indicate that students catch their own mistakes without my nagging or talking about the rewrite. This also keeps to a minimum the use of correction symbols which students consistently regard as impersonal, even hostile, red gibberish.

What are the rest of the students doing while the instructor has individual in-class conferences about formulating a thesis statement or revising? They are beginning their essays, revising, or meeting in groups of four or five to read and evaluate (with the help of an instructor-designed guide) the xeroxed essays of fellow students who are then advised by their peers about obvious mechanical errors.

If the student is ruminating about a topic, he finds that the instructor comes to his aid with suggestions personalized to his background. A simple voluntary questionaire can be devised to determine the student's hobbies, family responsibilities, occupational goals, past work, reading or film interests. This way, I've been aware enough to encourage students to write process essays on procedures ranging from selling insurance, to wallpapering, motor cycle repair, bathing a post-operative patient, waitressing, or making an organic compost pile. These have been written with enthusiasm for explaining precisely, to the uninitiated, a process in which they had expertise. You must guide these essays from their inception at in-class writing sessions to prevent an imitation of textbook writing on the subject.

Here is an example of teaching interaction on a process essay.
Instructor: "Tell me about your work--what you do--how you do it. What do you like about it?"
Student: "I'm a nurses's aide in an old people's nursing home and I do like my job because they depend on me and I feel like I can help make them happier."

She begins writing about things she has expressed to me.

> I would like to tell you about my work and how I handle my patients. I am a nurse aid and my work consist of bathing and feeding, showering and supervising the patients. My special way I have in handeling my patients is that I let them think they are having their way about everything. This way I gain their trust therefore I can get them to cooperate with me whereas other nurses cant because of their attitude.

I restrain my impulses to put marks under the misspellings, punctuation ommissions, etc., and concentrate on content until it is shaped.
Instructor: "Give some examples of how you gain their trust. What are some of the things you do for individual patients? What title would you give to the job you're describing?"

She comes back with this development:

> Loving Care For
> Elderly Patients
>
> For example, when I begin to shower one of my patients and he wants to be stuborn and refuses to take a shower I tell how good the shower will make him feel. When he refuses a shave I tell how nice and clean his face will look if he will let me shave him. I like to take my female patients for walks, we all sits around in a circle sometimes and have a sing-along. Sometime I just give them a big hug and show them I love and I care for them.

Next, I might ask her to describe and give an example of a nurse's contrasting attitude.

If I know what kind of films the student has enjoyed, I can suggest comparison-contrast essays regarding acting, or story realism. Being aware of student's occupational desires, I can suggest library papers on specific topics such as a landlord's hidden costs in operating an apartment house, or the role of a foster parent in a child-abuse case.

(Cont. on p. 9)

MOTIVATING FACTORS
In Developing Student Writing Skills

by Verle Barnes, Lurleen B. Wallace State Junior College; Andalusia, Alabama

One of the basic problems of developmental studies in general and the development of writing skills in particular is the factor of motivation. Motivation is the initial step in the process of learning to write and is, for many students, the step which will determine ultimate success or failure in the development of writing abilities. If the student never attains a sufficient degree of personal motivation, he or she may never attain a sufficient level of ability in the tasks which help to develop writing skill.

The question which every teacher must ask about every student is: How do I motivate this particular student? This question has given ulcers to concerned teachers in all areas of study over the years, and writing seems to be one of those areas which students have resisted the most.

Oral—Aural

(Cont. from p. 8)

Of course, another stimulus to writing is the use of reading materials which have emotional importance for the student. Reading assignments can be selected for groups in the class which have similar interests. For instance, for a health occupation group, I use brief articles on medical realism in television, euthanasia, microbe researchers, abortion, and such. Women are usually interested in articles on contraception, race, crime in their neighborhoods, or rape. Many in the remedial English classes I've been teaching are mothers or intend to be. They respond with serious concern to an article on "The Childbearing Year as Maturational Crisis." They write comparison-contrast essays about their own life patterns and attitudes before and after childbirth. Sometimes these essays tell perceptively of a transforming experience.

This is from one such essay:

> It is my eighth month. I was one hundred fifty-two pounds and I felt like a Texas watermelon but this was just my physical state. Psychologically, I was so depressed....the responsibility for a child changed me. I was no longer a free spirit to come and go as I pleased; now I had to come and go with my son, and it was the "withness" that gave me an awareness of love for the first time.

Hopefully, a kind of epiphany occurs during the writing because students get in touch with a significance in their own lives.

My own approach to the problem of motivation in developing writing skills has evolved over a fairly long period of time from my own experiences as a freshman English student to my days as a graduate student investigating the problem of writing skills development to my days (some of them excruciatingly long ones) as a remedial English and freshman composition instructor. In attempting to come up with a sure-fire method of motivation, I have arrived at four major guidelines which seem to serve my own purposes well.

The first guideline is that motivation, like most other aspects of writing skills development, must be **individualized**. This is an aspect of instruction which is universally accepted and generally obvious today, but nevertheless remains number one in priority in developing student writing abilities. The reasons, also, are generally obvious to teachers of basic skills and need no repeating here.

The second guideline is that the instructor must approach the subject in a **positive** manner. The idea that all students with an average intelligence can develop into technically proficient writers must be followed, particularly at the first stages of instruction.

The third guideline is that the **utilitarian aspects of writing** must be emphasized to the majority of students. For most students, there must be some indicated practical uses for their writing. The most obvious of these deal with jobs and other courses: the general ability to communicate better in job application letters and on application forms; increased proficiency in answering short-answer or essay test items and writing papers for other classes; the general ability to organize their thoughts and communicative processes in order to function better in the above situations as well as other aspects of their lives. Considering one of the basic orientations of the community college or technical institute as practical institutions and the general state of our economy today, I believe that we can safely say that more of today's college students (and especially community college students) are motivated primarily by economic and employment incentives than many educators would like to admit. Besides, there are times when the aesthetic values of certain learning experiences must be secondary to more basic needs.

The fourth guideline is that writing tasks can be demonstrated as **enjoyable educational experiences**. This factor needs no specific examples, because it can be left up to the individual teacher to make his courses enjoyable. Any teacher, with a little extra effort, can make his subject enjoyable to students, no matter how morbid a reputation the subject matter (or the teacher himself) has acquired in the past.

Obviously, my method is no more "sure-fire" than any other method for all students. Nor is it guaranteed to work with teachers who possess personalities or teaching styles different than my own. But I am constantly thinking and re-thinking and revising in an attempt to come up with that "sure-fire" method of motivation-- and I hope all of my fellow writing skills teachers are searching for that same elusive way of stimulating students to action.

The Grammar Teacher

by Salvatore Salerno, Jr.,
Fresno City College

To dream, to correct, to rhyme.....

Morning comes clanging
its thick weather from a clock,
dog or banging truck,
splitting the infinitive to pieces.
A verb, in the first person, rises
and eats, dresses, shaves to be
either or both
stand-up comedian,
knock-down grammarian.

He blinks, taking in
the room's incorrigible syntax
of walls and sleep-soaked faces.
Fending trick questions,
offering other answers,
his eyes drift time to time
on the rolling, green hills of Ireland
tacked above the ducking heads
of this year's artful dodgers.

Winging it by the minute,
he mumbo jumbos his abacedabra
before their baleful stares, trying not
to think of views those hills afford.
He coughs in a cloud of chalk-
dust falling on his cuffs and hand. Then
his face softens in the music of
a lilting voice from the second row,
yet must avoid that gaze;
the bald-faced clock is the only conjugator.

Revived by his last word,
they hurry to enact
the whole past tense of we are here.
He turns in the empty room,
--sentences splayed, now smeared to dust--
so he stops a moment by the door,
asks mercy of the language
he must bend to honor.

As he steps into
sun's declension through the pines,
his doubts spin away,
dispelled by the summer winds.
Whatever passed,
intentions oddly spelled or shaped,
he smiles to know that
he dwells in the gaze of the present perfect.

Sacramento Scene

by James Cagnacci

City College of San Francisco

In reviewing bills recently introduced in the California Legislature and bills that are being prepared for presentation, I have found a number that will potentially have a serious impact on community colleges. The following remarks are an attempt to summarize these bills and to comment on the impact—positive or negative—that each will have.

AB88 (Chacon). This bill would give automatic and unrestricted resident classification in community college districts to all minor and adult refugees. Successful passage of this bill would ultimately provide an increase in ADA revenue to all community colleges enrolling refugee students (Filipinos, Koreans, Vietnamese, Thais, etc.), replacing the present lower subsidy received from the combination of tuition and small federal subsidy received.

SB903 (Greene). This bill would establish a California Commission of Accreditation, which would replace WASC and towhich all secondary schools and community colleges would have to belong. This agency would completely replace WASC and would issue the only valid accreditation in the State. Though there exist valid arguments and good reasons for overhauling the present system of accreditation, I feel very strongly that this bill goes too far too fast by replacing an effective voluntary accreditation process with a legislated process when no one involved in this change has done any research into accreditation procedures. Though this bill was tabled, it is scheduled to reappear this next session.

AB1097 (Hughes). This bill is concerned with part-time employment. It extends contract and/or regular status classification to all instructional personnel save for those employed as "limited service employees" or "temporary employees." Limited service employees are those employed to teach exclusively ungraded adult classes for less than 35 per cent of a full-time teaching assignment. A temporary employee is one hired for higher enrollment or to replace someone on leave; such employment is limited to two semesters or three quarters within three consecutive years. All part-time employees shall be paid on a pro-rata basis. Though in principle I agree with the basic thrust of this bill which is to change part-time status from that of penal servitude to something more professional, I think a great deal of rewriting/amending must be done. Otherwise, every community college will hire nothing but temporary employees, making sure that no part-timer gets contract or regular status; this will result in a merry-go-round hiring process within each department and will be a serious threat to any educational integrity we now maintain.

AB1242 (Boatwright). This bill establishes postsecondary regional cooperation under the direction of the California Postsecondary Education Commission. That commission would establish "regions" and would be responsible for developing cooperative educational planning among all postsecondary institutions in each region. This commission is practically always at odds with community colleges and opposed to our aims and goals; in general, community colleges would suffer given such an arrangement. Specifically, ECCTYC would suffer under such an arrangement. Regions specified in our grant would *have* to conform to the regions established by the commission. Worse than that, our grant could only be implemented with the approval of *each* regional council. The bill is so vaguely worded that it is possible that the grant might have to be administered, at least in part, by the Postsecondary Commission.

AB1812 (Dannemeyer). This is a community college finance bill which would delete the requirement for community college districts to spend 50 per cent of its current expenditures on the salaries of instructors. Since almost all the expense of academic programs is instructional salaries, this would be a terrible blow to all academic programs and a corresponding boon to all vocational and athletic programs.

SB907 (Alquist). This bill appropriates money for Community College Staff Development Programs/Activities. The money would be administered by the Chancellor of the California Community Colleges. It would allow his to grant up to ten colleges per year a $50,000 allocation each for staff development projects. On a regional or individual campus, it would be possible for ECCTYC to get some of this money—outside of our grant—to implement staff development programs in the teaching of writing, reading, literature, ESL, minority programs, humanities, etc.

AB798 (Brown). This bill would prevent community colleges from using contract or regular instructors in special publicly or privately funded programs (such as EOPS), defraying part of their salaries by drawing the appropriate portion from the fund. This would mean that part-time employees would have to hired on a limited-tenure, temporary basis to staff these programs. Practically all English Departments cooperate in some such program as EOPS. Not being able to use experienced, proven staff in such course offerings "borrowed" from our regular offerings could well cause a lessening of standards and could lead to a situation in which the academic department would have little, if any, say in who would be hired to teach its courses in these special programs.

These seven bills are all pending and represent those which I think are most important to ECCTYC. In addition, several proposals to be introduced were discussed. These items were not numbered because they have not yet been introduced. Most were finance measures for unified districts and had no bearing on community colleges and no relevance for ECCTYC. However, one proposal sure to be introduced by Senator Briggs is most dangerous, and, I am sure, of considerable importance/interest to ECCTYC. It would revoke the credentials of avowed or proven homosexuals and would deny the issuance of credentials to persons in this category. It would ban the existance of Gay Studies and would prohibit the teaching of any courses with a gay theme. Also, it would ban campus recognition and/or funding being given to avowed gay groups, either of students, or faculty, or a combination of both. (Shades of Joe McCarthy!) Initially, this proposed legislation is to be aimed primarily at the elementary and secondary level. Later it will be broadened to include all post secondary levels.

A Practical Approach to Practical Writing

by Anna M. Ingalls,
Southwestern College

All of us teaching English in the two-year colleges are faced with the challenge of remedial writing courses. No matter what euphemism we use to describe these courses -- Practical Writing, Technical Writing, Developmental Writing, or whatever else we can think of to make them seem more palatable--we cannot disguise their remedial nature. Our ambitious objective is generally to teach non-writers how to write something reasonable, coherent, organized, developed, and free of errors, all in a single semester, which sometimes seems like an impossible goal.

I am one of what I suspect is a minority that views a Practical Writing class as potentially enjoyable and rewarding for both students and instructor. The first step is to accept the students' antagonism toward English. Listen without flinching to such statements as "I hate English," "I never did like to write," or "English was always my worst subject." If a student trusts me enough to share such a confidence, and if I can still smile at him and even sympathize after he tells me he hates English, then we have the start of a good working relationship.

No one has to like English in order to learn to write better. That is not part of the bargain. Of course, we instructors like English, but why should we insist that the students do? (Sometimes by the end of the semester they have forgotten about disliking English anyhow. Occasionally one even tells me that mine is the first English class he has ever enjoyed!)

Another rather shocking discovery for me was finding that there is absolutely no need to tell the students that they write poorly. They already know that! The real challenge is to discover something they are already doing well and begin to offer a little praise and encouragement. One young man was so used to receiving only negative criticism that when I wrote "very informative" on his paper, he stayed after class to apologize for its being so informative and asked if it should have been more descriptive instead!

Another had been criticized so much for his poor spelling that he was almost afraid to write. When I was able to concentrate on his development of ideas instead of his spelling, his attitude and his writing both began to improve. I managed to convince him that his writing was not hopeless. We eventually found that he had some specific learning disabilities affecting his spelling, although his intelligence was relatively high. After a semester at the Diagnostic Learning Center at Southwestern College under the guidance of a trained specialist, his spelling improved, and he was eventually able to handle even the transfer level composition courses.

But, you ask, what if you can't find anything good about a student's writing efforts? Do a little creative thinking. It's there, somewhere, even if you have to start at the level of a neatly written paper or an interesting topic. Soon you will be able to compliment the same student on a good example, a well-developed paragraph, or even an intriguing introduction. You must convince the student that he or she has latent writing abilities that can indeed be developed. (Be sure to convince yourself as well.)

The next challenge is to motivate the student to put forth considerable effort toward improvement while at the same time letting him think that he is not actually working very hard. If he thinks the course is difficult, he has a ready-made rationalization for

(Cont. on p. 11)

Voices from Baccalaureate Study and the Marketplace

Do students need to know how to write a formal essay? Will they ever put to use what they are taught about writing a term research paper? What's so important about knowing what some essay is talking about? In other words, does the video generation need freshman composition?

Having spent several years plugging along, assigning and then laboriously correcting essays, term papers, and in-class themes, I realized I did not know if these endeavors--mine and my students'--had any real application in the students' future academic or business lives. Wanting some answers, I sought out former students and asked them how, if at all, English 1 had helped them in their subsequent years in colleges and universities or in the working world. They joined me in making this discussion public at a workshop that was part of the Third Annual Mini-Conference of the North Los Angeles Region of the English Council of California Two-Year Colleges.

The workshop opened with our listening to a tape made by an honor graduate in history from UCLA, Nellie Etter. Responding to her taped comments were Charlie Lyon, an engineer and a disc jockey for KCRW-FM; Eddie Tabash, a practicing attorney; Canische Kleinman, an anthropology major at UCLA; Vicki Saunders, an office manager for a surgeon; and Steve Dvorkin, a graphic design graduate from San Jose State University.

Since illness did not allow Nellie to be with us, she taped her answer to my query: Has Your Life Been the Same Since You Took English 1? OR, What Did English 1 Do for You that You're Glad It Did or that You Wish It Hadn't? As a woman returning to higher education after raising a family to adulthood, Nellie had neither the discipline for study nor the skills for writing that she believed she would need for university work. English 1 provided her not only with the discipline and the skills but also with the encouragement and the confidence to continue her education. Immediately upon transferring to UCLA, Nellie put her newly acquired skills to work: in the first quarter she had to write two research papers of twenty-five pages each and nine shorter papers. In addition to these formal papers, Nellie had to compose in-class essays to answer essay examination questions, to clearly express herself orally (as well as in writing), and to recognize the key ideas in the readings for the classes. All these skills she learned in English 1.

Vicki responded first to Nellie's comments, agreeing that the writing of essays, both in and out of class, had proven profitable, but that she found no application for the long, laborious process of researching and writing a term paper. As an office manager, Vicki has to write letters to insurance companies, to patients, to other doctors, and to suppliers. Her experiences in English 1 gave her the confidence in her writing--and the skills with which to write--that allowed her to apply for her job in the first place as well as to continue in it with success. But the term paper?--she did not see its significance at the time and it has been of no significance since.

Eddie, Charlie, and Canische, however, did not agree with Vicki's negative response to the term paper. As a jazz disc jockey and interviewer, Charlie finds that the research methods he learned in English 1 enable him to compose factual and interesting program notes and to gather the information necessary for asking pertinent questions of an interviewee. As he put it, when he interviews someone, they are jointly writing an essay.

Eddie, who just recently passed the California Bar Exam and is a member of a law firm, stressed the importance of his English 1 training as an undergraduate, but he felt that it had not been helpful to him as a law student. In undergraduate classes the professors were impressed by his style; this is what his English 1 instructor had emphasized. However, in law school he had to do close analyses of texts, focusing on the importance of single words. This type of close reading had not been a part of his English 1 experience. Rather, the essays were examined in broad terms of content, thesis, meaning. Even his writing style, so effective in his undergraduate courses, served him not in law school.

Anthropology majors also have to do close analysis of texts, Canische informed the group. And she, like Eddie, considered the class time spent discussing social and political issues a waste. As Canische stated, and the others agreed, how to write is much more important to learn than what to write; this is what should be discussed in class and what should be the focus of the teaching.

Although in an art field, Steve also maintained that discussion of ideas rather than of structure was not helpful to the students' future work. However, he asserted that if used creatively by the instructor, discussion could be a vehicle by which the student could learn the skills of analysis and of writing. Topics of interest could be used to lead the students to those skills.

Members of the panel responded to many questions put to them by the participants in the workshop regarding activities that they found helpful in English 1, assignments they found boring or meaningless, and further application of the skills they had acquired. Most interesting, however, was the discussion of how to make this course useful to students from such diverse backgrounds going into such varying fields. Although the consensus among the members of the workshop was that it was impossible to meet all the needs of all the people in English 1 classes, we teachers do need to evaluate what we are doing and consider how it applies to the future lives our students lead. The panel reiterated its collective belief that English 1 should be taught in a manner that gives the student the necessary skills to write clearly, concisely, and cogently in the English language. Despite most students' antipathy to them, in-class essays would be an important part of the English 1 course. As the members of the panel stated, whether in business, in professional life, or in academic work, one often is called upon to express himself in writing in a given period of time or with little prior preparation. All in all, I guess we can conclude--at least from this small sample of former English 1 students--that English 1 does serve an important purpose in the teaching of necessary skills to the video generation. As one of the panel members put it, "One can't flash a mental message to a professor or a client or an insurance adjuster; one has to put what he wants to get across in writing. To do that, he needs to know how to use the written form of English. Most of us know how to talk a good game; we have to learn how to write a good one, too."

Barbara Bilson
Santa Monica City College

Practical Approach

(Cont. from p. 10)

giving up. One of my deceptively "easy" assignments is a corrected version of each composition. Students have a week after their papers are returned to complete the corrections. During that time, they may schedule a conference with me, talk to me before or after class and sometimes during class, get assistance from a qualified student tutor, or consult any textbooks they wish. Seeing their revised compositions free of errors gives them the satisfaction of a job well done--a pleasure that they may never before have experienced where writing is concerned. One caution--never mark anything that is beyond a student's ability to correct. If he is faced with an impossible task of revision, he will experience defeat instead of success. The secret is to let him experience success, while continually raising the standards for success.

By the end of the semester, the top third of the class will probably be writing compositions that would be acceptable in a regular college level composition class. The middle third will be able to produce something coherent, with beginning, middle, and end, organized into paragraphs. The lower third (or perhaps fewer, depending on whether or not there is a lower cutoff level for entry into the class, as well as an upper one) will still be struggling but will show marked improvement over their initial writing efforts. Of course, a few stragglers who never intended to pass the course anyhow and seldom complete assignments may be writing as poorly as ever, but don't let them interfere with your sense of satisfaction at the progress of the others.

I am not pretending to know all the answers, but I am so convinced of the success of these practical methods that I offer a guarantee at the beginning of each semester: everyone who stays in the course and completes all the assignments will become a better writer. Of course I can't turn them into Hemingways, and Faulkners, but then I didn't intend to. I think a large part of the frustration that many feel with remedial classes is caused by setting goals that are impossibly high for the students to reach in a single semester. Set realistic goals, convince students that they are capable of achieving these goals, provide support and encouragement rather than criticism, and something positive is sure to happen.

We may still prefer to teach classes on a higher intellectual level, but that is a luxury we cannot demand in the two-year community colleges. We must accept the challenge to help those students who most need our help.

Garrison's Method

THE COMING OF THE CLASSLESS SOCIETY

by Liana Nixen,
University of Redlands

"Lot full," "sold out," "no vacancy" -- these are the signs of the times. Though sell-out performances are standard fare these days, conferences on freshman English composition rarely draw capacity crowds, even crowds of avid English teachers. Yet Roger H. Garrison, Director of Special Programs at Westbrook College, Maine, had no trouble filling the house at Orange Coast College last January 7th and 8th. His marathon workshop on college writing was so popular that getting tickets to the Super Bowl that weekend was easier than getting tickets to hear him speak. Writing teachers from every nook in the Southland -- Palm Desert, Yucaipa, La Jolla, and Thousand Oaks, to mention a few -- came to find out how Professor Garrison has transformed freshman English, a pumpkin of a course, into a charming Cinderella.

After two exhausting yet stimulating sessions, the teachers left, most of them convinced that his method was one whose time had come-- again. Hardly new, his approach resurrects an ancient idea, basic to the great medieval universities and underscored by Socrates, namely, that dialogue is the flint of learning. In this one-to-one encounter between teacher and pupil, in this instant feedback, lies the dynamism of real education. Garrison keeps reminding us that writing is **process**; it cannot be effectively taught in phalanxes called classes; it cannot be corseted by handbooks of whalebone rhetoric; and it cannot be weighed by cryptic agr's, coh's, mm's, and ref's scrawled endlessly over reams of themes. Not only does the definition of writing come in for some coolheaded criticism, but also the definition of a teacher's function. To Garrison, the familiar stereotype of the conscientious English instructor bent over an awesome pile of ungraded papers lampoons our lopsided sense of pedagogical values.

Since the inception of freshman composition courses, the neverending river of red ink didn't actually teach students much about writing, he says. "Why so? Because the real work was done by the wrong people. Who made the rewriting suggestions? We did. Who identified the errors? We did. Who spotted the incoherence, the lack of logic, the stumblefooted sentences? We did. But ultimately," Garrison continues, "if the student is to learn to write, it is he who must rewrite and edit, and not merely accept passively our editing. It is he who must batter the resistant words and sentences and paragraphs on the stubborn anvil of thought until meaning begins to ring from them." The instructor should avoid wasting his creative energies being a silent proofreader outside class and should become instead a responsive reader inside class, a personal tutor who, like the premium tea, is brimful of "constant comment."

Garrison makes crackling good sense. After all, who pictures the classic teacher as a martyr imprisoned in a tower of last week's freshman babble? Who pictures him as a pontificating Procrustes with pre-cast ideas derived ex post facto from the work of writers who never opened a handbook. "For all a rhetorician's rules/ Teach nothing but to name his tools," as Butler's Hudibras puts it. Or as F.L. Lucas, a fine stylist himself, declares: "For forty years at Cambridge I have tried to teach young men to write well, and have come to think it impossible. To write really well is a gift inborn; those who have it teach themselves; one can only try to help and hasten the process."

Professor Garrison would, I think, agree with Lucas. In hastening the process, however, Garrison believes in keeping the student writing nearly all of class time. The instructor spends the hour in countless mini-conferences steering students in the right direction. Have a list of priorities for those brief confrontations, Garrison says, and dwell on only one thing at a time. In a very literal sense, don't throw the book at the student. Be sure to tell the writer what he is doing well; identify the lively fact, the apt phrase, or the catchy title, before you go on to pinpoint a vague idea in his paragraph. Have him rewrite and revise until a cluster of lucid sentences begins to take shape, until the spongy generalization is tightened with compelling evidence. Then, and only then, move on to other areas that need strengthening: point of view, organization, sentence structure, and diction. And to cap this Polonius list of do's and don't's--this above all, avoid the temptation to red-pencil students' work. Talking is more efficient than writing comments, so place the burden of correction where it belongs-- on the writer. "I had been a professional writer before I became a schoolteacher," Garrison says. "I determined to try to teach them (students) how to write in much the same ways that I had finally learned -- in ways that most professionals learn: by self-instruction, with the guidance and help of an editor."

Listening to Garrison talk was like watching a talented engineer present blueprints for a new smogless engine. A great design, but will it work? How does its mileage compare to older, more conventional models? Will it track in new sources of pollution? Can it be produced on an assembly line? Throughout the two-day conference the fascinated audience plied Professor Garrison with questions, which he answered drawing from his rich stores of experience and research in the psychology of learning. He has spoken to nearly eight thousand teachers in the last four years and has canvassed countless schoolrooms throughout the country in search of gripping pedagogical ideas. A hard-liner on the importance of practice, Garrison put his audience at Orange Coast College to work. The lecture hall was transformed into a network of ganglia, each nerve center acting as writer, reader, and planner, in turn. The teachers were asked to set up a series of sequential tasks tailored to individual needs. For example, does the student fear the blank page? Get him to talk about himself; have him make a list of twenty subjects he may wish to write about; then have him write five interesting facts about one of them. Or if a student is addicted to wordiness, devise a sequential task in which he translated a paragraph of jargon into clear English, after which he reduces his verbiage by half. If a writer is gifted, work out a more imaginative challenge. For instance, capitalize on a student's love of Machiavelli's **The Prince** by suggesting a project in which the writer applies Machiavellian principles to destroying a hated institution. For each custom-made assignment, the teacher's chief duty is to tap a vein of honest student interest. Only then will good writing begin.

Garrison assigns short papers and gives no grades, only a check for each completed theme. At the end of the semester those who hand in, say, six-to-seven papers get a C, eight-to-nine a B, and ten-to-twelve an A. During finals the student selects his two best papers and gives them to the instructor to grade. (Note: these are the only "take home" papers a teacher handles during the entire semester.) The final grade is based on the calibre of these papers, averaged with the grade for the number of papers submitted. For further know-how about evaluating and managing, Garrison recommends the following books: **Writing without Teachers** by Peter Elbow; **A Writer teaches Writing** by Donald Murray; **Writing from the Inside Out** by Ruth Optner, **The Vulnerable Teacher** by Ken MacCrory, **Teaching the University Discourse** by James Moffatt, and the chapter on teaching (pp. 187-209) in Robert Pirsig's **Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance.**

In conclusion, one thing is certain about the Garrison approach: the feed-back loop between teacher and pupil is kept close and tight. The psychic Grand Canyon, to use Garrison's metaphor, between professor and student vanishes. Not only does this method strengthen human ties, but also strengthens the nexus between the writer's experience and his written work. Great commentators on writing-- Wordsworth, Conrad, and Henry James-- have affirmed the close bond between art and life. As James puts it: "To take what there is, and use it, without waiting forever in vain for the preconceived-- to dig deep into the actual and get something out of that-- this doubtless is the right way to live" and, Garrison might add, the best way to write.

What a Teacher May Photocopy

Guidelines accompanying the new copyright law specify minimum rights of teachers to photocopy copyrighted material. The **Chronicle of Higher Education** summarized them as follows:

A teacher

Make a single copy, for use in scholarly research, in teaching, or in preparation for teaching a class, of the following:

- A chapter from a book.
- An article from a periodical or newspaper.
- A short story, short essay, or short poem, whether or not from a collected work.
- A chart, graph, diagram, drawing, cartoon, or picture from a book, periodical, or newspaper.

Make multiple copies for classroom use only, and not to exceed one per student in a class of the following:

- A complete poem, if it is less than 250 words and printed on not more than two pages.
- An excerpt from a longer poem, if it is less than 250 words.
- A complete article, story, or essay, if it is less than 2,500 words.
- An excerpt from a prose work, if it is less than 1,000 words or 10 percent of the work, whichever is less.
- One chart, graph, diagram, drawing, cartoon, or picture per book or periodical.

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Some Hypotheses and Exhortations

THE DEMISE OF LITERATURE

by Don Liles

City College of San Francisco

As we all know well, most of the colleges and universities in the United States are reporting sharp declines in their enrollments in the humanities, especially elective literature courses. This trend may or or may not continue during the two remaining decades of this century, but I believe that future events affecting enrollment in these most cherished courses can be influenced by us, the literature teachers. We need not immediately go the way of the tyrannosaur. However, if we are to make sound decisions regarding the future of these traditionally important courses, then English teachers and English departments must begin some serious re-evaluations.

This summary statement for **inside english** is based on my observations during nearly three decades of teaching literature courses in three English departments in three regions of the United States as well as in Greece. Additionally this report is based on responses from several dozen English departments and thousands of students nationwide. In this summary I shall omit statistics, names of professional colleagues, and citations of articles and books.

In this pedagogical exhortation, I shall emphasize **only** those areas wherein literature teachers are partially responsible for the present crisis and what we may do to attract students to read and study literature in the future. That many American students **don't** or **can't** read a poem as a pleasurable pastime activity is a complex problem that cannot be dissected easily. I shall deal principally with the don't-and can't-read-literature crisis, with our partial responsibility as literature teachers for it, and with some difficult options confronting us. The word is out--to the students, the deans, the public and to many of us, our cherished beliefs and our jobs are at stake.

First, our problems do not exist simply because of new situations arising in this **decade**. Approximately one hun**dred years ago** colleges and universities began to systematize all fields of learning into departments that organized all recognized learning into neat receptacles--somewhat in the same manner that libraries began to classify books during the same era. The study of literature was pressed into molds modeled on the efficient pattern of physical and natural sciences. Literature thus gained respectability academically because it demonstrated that 19th century sentimentalism was excised from the new scientific arrangement of courses by historical periods, genres, and major and minor authors. This systematic efficiency seriously began in the 1870's, and student had little if any choice if he (and rarely she) chose to specialize in language and literature. A course labelled "Augustan Literature, 1700-1740" drew students because it was a logical and discrete unit required within a framework for a major in the new category called "English." The student of literature was a worthy resident of Academe when he (or rarely she) could move up the pyramidal paradigm to the most precise and precious specialization. This system has been beneficial during its century of existence, but many of our problems today descend from this scientific, rational compartmentalizing of literary study. Again, the word is out: Smith's Augustan and Literature, 1700-1740 is a deadly drag, available in his yellowed syllabus.

The factor of student choice and election of courses began as a policy in the first decade of this century, but choices were severely circumscribed. The university was an authoritarian institution that knew best what provided a person with an aristocratic, elite education. The gentlemanly and lady-like cultural perquisites were acquired in courses containing traditionally proper literature. Male students were channelled into "useful" sciences, but cultural forces pressured the male to take some elective literature courses that leavened the "useful." Female students were channelled away from the "useful" science and business curriculum and into literature and other "non-productive" diversions until they could find husbands and begin their really "useful" housekeeping. In the early decades of this century these cultural pressures largely filled the literature courses for us teachers. Even though choice had been introduced, there was little of it. Many of our current problems in literature courses descend from this long history of subtle sexist conditioning regarding the study of literature.

But the authoritarianism was expressed in other ways. Even though the ideal of mass higher education was first appearing during the early decades of the 20th century, few professors in English departments took the matter seriously. The authoritarian approach to literary education (specifically in required courses, in electives made available, and in course content) remained well into the 20th century, perhaps into the present decade. Many say that an authoritarian system generally prevails even today in our most egalitarian and democratic institutions, the California community colleges. But higher education in a pluralistic democracy can hardly remain authoritarian in literary study treating human values and continue to attract students. The word once more is out: Smith teaches Milton, not students.

Concurrent with this prevalent authoritarianism which English departments enforced regarding what was to be studied and in what packages and in what sequence, there developed the fashion of "objective consciousness." Many of us were taught to be embarrassed by subjective responses to literature and came to believe that literature could be justified as respectable study only when messy feelings were disparaged; literature, we believed, had to be surveyed, measured, analyzed, explicated as dispassionately as kegs of nails or automobile traffic. We could hold a respectable position beside our colleagues in physics and accounting when we told them in faculty councils that we were analyzing Chaucer's anti-clericalism, that we were explicating Lycidas that we were tracing the patterns of imagery in **Songs of Innocence**, that we were cataloguing the allusions to Shakespeare in **Moby Dick**. No one could say without some embarrassment that he or she enjoyed Bacon's essays. To be ravished by a poem became anathema both personally and professionally. We laughed out of our classrooms the embarrassing Miss Fiditch who was moved by Dido's grief. Miss Fidich (the sexist example is deliberate) had responded sentimentally to the **Aeneid**, and that charge of sentimentality stigmatized her until she was laughed into retirement or was forced to attempt to objectify literature as zealously as her colleagues. If she achieved the latter, she may have suffered anguish alone in her office, but she never again publicly enjoyed the **Aeneid**, either with colleagues or with students. Human feeling and response to literature amounted to such unscientific quality that we taught our students to write research papers on the novels of Conrad as though **The Secret Sharer** was as calculable as debits and credits. Rhetoric and literature, those ancient arts as old as humanity, became "science."

In the first fifty years of this century, we laid objective and analytical eggs, and our explicating chickens hatched and are now coming home to roost during the last half of this century. Our students today are sending signals to our roost in our dark wood. They are telling us that literature is not a science, has never been, and can never be. Our students are boycotting and deserting our classrooms because they sense something that many of us literature teachers have perhaps forgotten: the primary distinction of the humanities, of the arts, of poems, of novels, of idylls, of epics, and of dramas is that they give significant form and shape to human feelings. Literature is in the educational program of a college because it educates the irrepressible human yearning to feel as well as to reason. Our students have watched us

(Cont. on page 8)

This Kid Can WRITE!

A Comp. Program That Works

by Patt McDermid and Marshall Kremers Lassen College

Here at Lassen College we have found a set of objectives and methods which allow every student, at his or her own pace, to learn to write, assuming even the most minimal motivation. We feel our students are writing so effectively that at the very least our lines of research and experimentation warrant consideration by our colleagues.

As a first step, we reject the notions of screening and tracking students by "ability levels"; at least as they are generally practiced. We have a reading laboratory and a developmental skills center and tutorial help for all students who can profit from them, but this work is done in addition to the course itself and supplements rather than replaces the basic composition sequence. Our classes close at thirty. There is no need to cut the student:teacher ratio down further because the instructor uses a lecture-discussion format that allows for frequent one-on-one situations. That is, since the sequence is self-pacing, each student works at the skills independently of others in the class. The instructor helps each student along as rapidly as possible, recognizing that competence must be demonstrated by gradual completion of the required themes. If it is not demonstrated, it is not sufficient. The student keeps writing until it is sufficient. If the student has to keep writing for thirty-six weeks to turn out six complete themes, then so be it.

We believe most firmly in the concept of self-paced learning. To deny that all students learn at different rates is to abuse both common sense and experience. All students in our program have the option of writing six acceptable themes and receiving three units of non-transfer credit, which meets their A.A. degree requirements, or writing sixteen themes, one of which is a research paper, and receiving three units of credit transferable to both the State College and the State University systems. Students who opt for "English 50," the six paper course, receive credit for those themes toward the "English 1" requirement of sixteen papers, should they wish to continue. Thus, students can complete the sequence in one, two, or more terms, depending on their individual learning rates.

Finally, we have found that through a series of taught processes and skills practically all students even slightly interested in post-secondary education can learn to write well (and "practically" means exactly that, about 95 percent, in fact).

Our system proceeds from these three basic departmental attitudes and our objectives, methods, techniques and individual approaches spring directly from this trio of beliefs. As a result, we teach our students to write with competence, by which we mean writing at a level which is effective in their other classes. If a student can write so the History teacher won't say, "What the hell are you talking about?" then we are satisfied that he or she is competent.

Of course, we want writing that "tells"--that has juice, that is vigorous and alive. And to the extent that we are letting students discover their own ideas, their own specifics, we are usually going to get it. But at this point we aren't concerned so much about that kind of success. It is enough to have designed a system which requires demonstrated proficiency.

At the moment, that is "all," as Conrad said, "and that is everything."

A PLEA FOR BREVITY

Most of us have waged grim wars against a common foe: wordiness. So the irony of this plea will soon be apparent. Please fix your most patient smile on your face before proceeding.

Contributors to **inside english** were once difficult to find. And once located, they became recalcitrant. Many said that community college teaching's glowing attribute was the freedom from publish-or-perish pressures. Only a strong sense of duty (bolstered by continuous calls from pesky editors) induced them to write for this journal. But once started, they wrote...and wrote.

Our peers, armed with rich vocabularies and imaginations to match, can be tireless typists. Their rhetoric is clean, well-organized, nicely focused and long-lasting. As the one who has to do the page layouts, I must now lodge a gentle protest. And as the one who must deal with those teachers whose articles do not appear in the journal, I feel compelled to ask for your compassion and co-operation.

Please keep your contributions short. Two or three double spaced and typewritten pages would be a comfortable target. Should you have more to say than most (as Don Liles does in this issue), say it. But if your essay or article can be condensed, do the blue pencil job yourself. You are all experts.

Editor

inside english, the journal of the English Council of California Two-Year Colleges, is published three times each year (fall, winter, and spring). Articles of interest to community college English teachers should be forwarded to:

Richard E. Booth
Editor, inside english
Crafton Hills College
11711 Sand Canyon Road
Yucaipa, Calif. 92373
(714) 794-2161

Poetry is often included in the journal; those submitting poems should enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if they wish their material returned.

Journal ad rates: $5 per colum inch; half page, $125; full page, $200. Send inquiries about advertising space to Richard Booth at the above address.

CONVENTIONS!

by G.S. Mever, ECCTYC Chair of Research

27-30 Dec. 1977 — **Modern Language Association,** Conrad Hilton and Palmer, Chicago. Elaine Reed, MLA, 62 Fifth Ave., New York City 10011.

10-12 February 1978. — **California Association of Teachers of English,** San Francisco. Hal McCune, 12502 Penn St., Whittier 90602.

20 March 1978. — **ECCTYC North Los Angeles Regional Conference,** Los Angeles Pierce College, Woodland Hills. Sr. Joseph Adele Edwards, Mount St. Mary's College, Doheny Campus, 10 Chester Place, Los Angeles 90007.

30 March-1 April 1978. — **Conference on College Composition and Communication,** Denver. William F. Irmscher, Dep't of English, GN 30, University of Washington, Seattle, WA 98195.

6-8 April 1978. — **College English Association,** Copley Plaza, Boston. Donald Morse, Oakland University, Rochester, Mich. 48063.

21-23 April 1978. — **CATE,** Warner Springs (San Diego), Mary Barr, 10711 Cariuto Court, San Diego 92124.

DEADLINES!

15 February 1978. — **National Council of Teachers of English Research Foundation.** Grants for research in the teaching and learning of English. Executive Secretary, NCTE, 1111 Kenyon Road, Urbana, Ill. 61801.

13 March 1978. — Application for an eight-week **Summer Seminar for College Teachers** offered by the **National Endowment for the Humanities.** Division of Fellowships, National Endowment for the Humanities, 806 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506, or call Mitchell Schneider at (202) 724-0377.

Synopses of Seminars and Meetings

ECCTYC'S Chairpersons' Conference (November 1977)

compiled by
Julie Hatoff
[Program Chair of Conference]
with the aid of able amanuenses:
Genevieve Meyers, Gloria Floren, Stephen Montgomery, **Ed Lemay** *and several anonymous scribes*

TIME MANAGEMENT AND PRIORITIZING

Lila Sparks, Associate of Process for Planned Change, conducted this practical workshop in the skills of personal and professional life planning: goals, priorities, concentration, memory, and decisions. Participants learned how to apply those skills in many life-settings: one-to-one, groups, planning-reading-writing periods, reflection and transition times. Department chairs particularly appreciated learning that they did -- in fact -- control their lives, that organizations to which they belonged were not hopeless, and they could say no to nagging "priority c" responsibilities.

Sparks reported budgeting our time means that we work more efficiently with less fatigue. Some concentration tactics appeared useful for department chairs who must hear as well as support their colleagues and students. Schedule such listening obligations, but have secretary buzz you after specified time. Make eye contact with person, paraphrase his-her comments, and solicit emotional feedback. All the while, take notes. Don't be critical; silence is better in that it retains trust. Promise to handle the problem thus signaling the discussion's closure.

Sparks also stressed systematic problem-solving and urged that decision-makers generate no fewer than three alternatives on a given issue. Also suggested, Michael Doyle's new book HOW TO MAKE MEETINGS WORK; it recommends that no more than 20 per cent of allotted time be devoted to disseminating information in any meetings. Such opportunities are better devoted to planning, brainstorming, and problem solving.

THE TEACHER AS PRACTICING WRITER-THE WRITER AS PRACTICING TEACHER

Mary Hedin, who teaches 15 units at Marin, described the manner by which she combines marriage and motherhood as well as the demands of her career with free-lance writing. "I know I write to understand myself, to clarify my own experiences, to discover facets of human nature, to posit and test theories about life and its meanings...I can exist only so long before I must write, must go into those rominative, exploratory, inward journeys. Otherwise my life is intolerable to me, and I become intolerable to others."

To allow three-hour blocks in the mornings for this creative therapy, Hedin schedules her classes three afternoons a week. Like an executive, she does most of her work in the office; however, she does read papers during nights at home. But she produces more than red marginalia: 16 prize-winning short stories published in general interest magazines and literary quarterlies, non-fiction in *McCall's* and *California Living*, innumerable poems.

Hedin doesn't, nevertheless, recommend her type of free-lancing for putting bread on the table. Even Carson McCullers figures she made but 5 cents an hour. Other participants in the seminar are at work adapting novels to television, contributing to pulp magazines, composing book reviews, t.v. scripts, grants -- even term papers.

WRITING LABS: PRATFALLS, PITFALLS, AND WINDFALLS

Rosyln Snow of Orange Coast discussed her college's success with a spelling lab which attracts 400 students per year. Many are referred by counselors and other campus agencies. As it is a media-oriented course, students may use Hook's SPELLING 1500 and proceed at their own pace. In addition, students' individual programs have been diagnosed through a battery of tests which screen for problems of phonics or difference in learning styles. At the end of nine weeks, graduates of this one-unit course demonstrate a 15-20 per cent improvement in spelling skills. They may re-take the course twice.

Jim Cline of Chabot described Hayward's population as 80 per cent Anglo, (middle-class and blue collar), 50 per cent requiring remediation. Eight years ago, the Language Arts faculty recognized the failure of conventional classes to provide uniform preparation for freshman English. They agreed that learning to write involves a set of interrelated but separable skills, that it is best achieved in a self-paced class where students need not study what they already know, that it should be taught in sequenced steps from the most basic to the more difficult, that it can rarely occur without a teacher-facilitator. Today, Chabot's Writing Lab finds teachers administering objective tests to assess recognition of acceptable usage; they then evaluate students' ability to apply concepts in compositions. Units of instruction in the Writing Center are sequential, criteria for success cumulative. Write for sample copy of STUDENT ORIENTATION PAMPHLET.

Pitfalls should be limited to four. Chabot made no provision for group study sessions which would have encouraged peer reinforcement and social contact. Large lab, though economically efficient, can often be rigidly impervious to change. Clearer delineation of paraprofessional job description might have eased difficulties with instructional professionals. Students who need intensive instruction and tutoring in basic skills (e.g. ESL or Learning Disabled) are not aided by lab environment.

Irrespective of these few pratfalls, Chabot has reduced its attrition from 30-40 per cent down to 15 per cent. The Writing Center has achieved its objectives, *and* student proficiency has demonstrably increased. Mastery learning in a lab setting does indeed break the "lock-step" of time barriers and eliminates confusion of dissimilar approaches.

OPEN ENTRY-OPEN EXIT SCHEDULING ONE ASPECT OF MASTERY LEARNING

Gerry Messner explained Canada's bold experiment. The college employs the Nelson-Denny Reading Test, Forms C and D plus an essay exam which assesses students' ability to respond to questions, support arguments, show fluency, organize, and use appropriate grammar. Guaging student ability in this manner allows placement in three levels of communications courses: English 1a, English 50, and below (Grammar, Vocabulary, Spelling, and Reading). Contact Messner in Redding for additional information regarding statistical trends as well as mechanisms for demonstrating ability.

(cont. on page 6)

From Holt...for 1978

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Barry M. Brown, *Midwestern University, Texas*
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Authentic Voices

Community Colleges nowadays hold probably the richest, most varied group of people found in any one geographical place anywhere. Background, ages, talents, dilemmas--we are the Globe Theater. But who are we? These pages present varying student voices, some polished pieces, some simple recording honest responses to experience. But all, I think, speak with fresh and authentic voices that can delight and instruct the reader. Listening to them may break down our uneasy feelings of how strange-different we are and make us more aware of how rich-different and also how alike we are.

Marlene Griffith Laney College

REFLECTIONS ON COLORS

BY
Elva Younkin

I don't remember the dust bowl gray of Oklahoma in the 1930's, but I'm told that it existed. What I do remember is low, rolling green hills: a hill over 500 feet is a mountain in that part of the country. The green hills dappled with yellow made me think of just churned butter; little drops of watery milk still clinging to the soft mounds, like dew spotted Buttercups on the morning hills.

I remember the excitement we children felt when we woke in the morning and my father's big truck was stretched out in front of our house like a streamlined train waiting to carry us to new adventures. My father was a skilled carpenter with nothing to build. Because of the dust bowl conditions, the depression lingered in Oklahoma when the rest of the country was beginning to prosper with pre-World War II preparations. After working at various jobs to support his growing family, he found steady employment working for an oil refinery, driving one of their big double-barreled gasoline trucks. Most of the time there was a double-barreled trailer attached. Those trucks were so big they would have looked like tank cars on a freight train, if they hadn't been gleaming white. "I takes half a city block to park," my dad would say, when telling us about his travels. Sometimes when he drove the truck home and parked it in front of our house, he would let us climb up the ladders and stand on top and wave at my mother, standing so far below, and looking a little worried and disapproving. "I'll catch them if they fall," he'd say, and we knew he would.

I remember going to Ada for the first time when I was five years old. Ada was a big town, almost a city, about twenty miles from Allen, where we lived. Allen had a population of just over 1,000, a movie theater, a general store, a feed store, and a gas station. Ada had lots of stores, and office buildings three and four stories high, with elevators to ride up and down in. Ada had a dentist that used pain-killer when working on patient's teeth. My father was there to have some teeth pulled, and after assuring us that he would tell us what it was like to ride in the elevator, he left us to wait in the car with my mother. Mother said we couldn't get out of the car to look in store windows because it was too dangerous. There were cars zipping back and forth and crowds of people and "just a week ago there were two children kidnapped right off the sidewalk."

We didn't really mind waiting in the car, there were so many things going on all around us. "Look at that, what is it, Mother?"

"It's a twin baby walker! What will they think of next?"

"Sonny! Look at that train going down the street!"

"You're just a dumb girl--that's a streetcar."

"Hush now--Sonny Boy--just remember you've been here before."

"MOTHER--LOOKEE--Look at that!"

"Where? What are you lookiong at?"

"Look at those kids and that lady! They have BLACK skin, just like my doll!"

My mother's reaction was swift and sharp. Almost before I'd finished speaking she had grabbed my arm and hissed---HUSH!" Surprised, and a little scared, I looked into the eyes of a total stranger; my mother's eyes, usually a warm sparkling hazel, were dark with intensity, a dull gray film seemed to cover the iris, and I knew that I must not persist.

Like all children at about the age of five years, I was beginning to explore the world beyond home and the immediate family, to make value judgments based on my own thought processes, rather than totally accepting what my parents chose to tell me. I worried about things like how did the world begin? Where did God come from? How far does the sky go? What is beyond the sky? Why don't the sun, the moon, and the stars fall? Why did I happen to be born into my family instead of another family--perhaps a BLACK FAMILY?

When we returned home that day, I was not the same child I'd been when we started on our trip to Ada. That night, and for many nights to come, I went over the events of that day. After the black woman and her children had safely passed, my mother had explained to me that black people were different from us. That we must never refer to their black skin because it was disturbing to them. They felt pain and cried, just as we did; they felt anger and shouted, just as we did; indeed, they were just like us in most ways, but they had black skin therefore they were inferior, not quite as good, as bright, or as noble as we. When I said I thought their black skin looked nice, my mother replied "black skin looks dirty, white skin looks clean. But you must always be kind to THEM because they couldn't help being born with black skin and I'm sure they would have picked white skin, if they'd had a choice." If that was the case, my reasoning told me, then I might have been born black. I became irrationally afraid for the next few weeks, I was afraid to go to sleep. I might wake up and find I was really a black person and had been dreaming I was WHITE. I knew it painful enough at times to be a red-haired, freckle-faced GIRL, it must be agony to be BLACK. The look in my mother's eyes had told me that.

Gradually things returned to normal. Blacks seldom, if ever, ventured through Allen and they were not allowed to live there. There was even a law which prohibited them going through town after dark. They must detour around the town, or wait outside, perhaps sleeping in a field, until morning. I did not know this when I was a child, I only knew that black people were not a part of my environment. My home town had made every effort to insure the protection of its young and innocent.

An announcement was made one cold January day when I was in the fourth grade. My father was going to California to see if the stories about high wages and plentiful jobs were true. When he returned, about a month later, he didn't waste time with preliminaries. He said "Pack your bags, we're going to the land of sunshine and oranges." He told us about orange groves stretching as far as the eye could see--oranges were a very special Christmas treat--and people had grass in their front yards "that's as green in January as in June."

When I started to school in California and learned there were five black children in my class I was excited to have a chance to observe them more closely. I wanted to touch them and see if they felt as warm and smooth as they looked. My mother was upset when she found we were going to school with black children, but I soon found them to be quite human in all ways. Once I came home from school angry at my line-up partner--whom my mother knew to be black--for pushing me out of line, thereby bringing a reprimand from the teacher. My mother was horrified that a black child had been allowed to push a white child. When I replied "she's just as good as me," my mother gave me a stinging slap on the face and said "Don't ever say a Negro is just as good as you again." I think the slap shocked her more than it did me, for we were punished by switching, but never by slapping or hitting. After that, my mother didn't try to make me see black people by her standards.

In retrospect, I feel my home town did, after all, an excellent job of preserving the innocence of its young. By the total lack of contact with blacks, both before and after that one critical encounter at the propitious age of five, until I was old enough to judge for myself, I was spared the relentless buildup of hate and prejudice to which I might have succumbed had it been a daily part of my life.

Submitted by Ann Clutinger

A Drum For Austin

Austin was the maverick, the eccentric, with his sardonic wit and mordant cynicism; he was the first to drink beer, popped pills long before I knew he was doing so, and I'd found out that lately he'd even done a bit of purse snatching.

He was the outcast poet laureate of the basketball and tennis teams, the rebel, who was once committed to the local institution for observation because he'd already been observed (and apprehended) while cavorting around a deserted schoolyard one night wearing nothing but his undershorts-- on his head. And later, of course, he could boast to unsuspecting females, "I used to be crazy", fixing them with a maniacal grin, then shifting his crazed eyes about the room for approval before he would roll backward into fits of laughter, the joke on himself and whoever would listen.

It was Austin too, who, when everyone else was just beginning to dare to let their hair grow a la the Beatles, ceremoniously had us shave his head one night out behind the Carvel stand.

And so it was Austin that, late on yet another night, we followed in a tight little raiding party past the empty tennis courts and football field washed in starlight, to the red brick-and-glass building that was our high school, standing dark and solemn away before us...Austin's army. No that wasn't what they called us, but should have, for he was our general, and we, his regulars.

Austin had decided he wanted a drum. Actually, he'd always wanted a drum, always rapping out the solo from "Wipeout" on desktops, car hoods, and garbage can lids, but tonight he'd made up his mind to go about getting one.

The music room was located at the rear of the school, and we'd beelined for it after scaling the eight foot chain link along the hill.

We spread along the thin shadow of the building and began lifting and grunting at the windows until after a moment I found one that gave and we all climbed into the classroom where I had taken my drivers ed.

I think it was there that I finally realized we were tresspassing and was sure we'd be caught-- I'm always sure I'll be caught. It was one of those situations you find yourself in and wonder what the hell you're doing there in the first place, but know you'll see it through for fear of losing face with your buddies.

Austin cautiously opened the door to a dimly lit hallway...I was sure that at any moment we would hear a startled yell and a night janitor, or watchman, or the Chief of Police or my own mother would appear in that hall, and in a flash, my good name would be ruined, I'd disgrace my family, get five to life in the pen. But no one appeared, nothing of the sort happened.

What did happen, was that Austin was at the door to the music room, trying the knob, cursing that it was locked.

I was ready to shine the whole thing on, there was nothing we could do now, I figured, but of course there was...

In an inspired moment of joy and recklessness, Bob Farrell grabbed a wastebasket, and with a fullthroated war cry, smashed it through a small peep-window near the top of the door.

I thought he must be crazy, but by that time Austin had his arm through the opening and had reached down and flipped the latch from the other side. He pushed the door open and we followed him into the band room.

There were four or five rows of folding chairs behind black metal music stands. The instruments were cased and silent in a corner of the room, but Austin ignored them and made his way for the drums at the rear; selecting a snare and a pair of sticks, with a yell of triumph, he began banging away.

We knew it was time to leave. I unlocked a window, snapped it open, and we were back out on the lawn once more.

Austin carried the drum at his belt. Everyone was laughing and letting go with short yelps and howls as he began to march back across the yard.

Thankfully, I thought, I lived in an opposite direction from the rest of the guys, and said I'd see them tomorrow as I headed home.

Looking over my shoulder, and then backpedaling a bit, I watched and listened to them march and sing off across the rear lawn and parking lot. Austin was strutting exaggerated steps, beating out a clumsy cadence, rat-a-tat-tatting away into the night.

And the guys were dancing and jigging all around him, hooting and pushing and catcalling to one another, and I was glad to be on my own, knowing they'd never make it, but they did.

Austin played his drum a few times after that...for a couple of days until he realized he couldn't play it at all. He stashed it, for want of a better place, in the woods next to Bob Farrell's home, where it rusted, and rotted, while we followed Austin onto other, more enticing things.

Art McBreen ("A Drum for Austin") is a veteran returning to school. He is interested in Transcendental Meditation.

Editor's Apology

Ed. Note: "Vietnam," "A Drum for Austin," and "A Farm in Nebraska," all of which appeared in the "Authentic Voices" section of the most recent issue of I.e. were provided by Donna Cassyd's students at Los Angeles Valley College. "A Friday in Radiation Therapy" was written by one of Ms. Cassyd's students at Santa Monica College. Because two of the columns of "Drum for Austin" were transposed, the essay appears again in this issue. The editor offers his apologies to Donna Cassyd and her students for the oversights in the fall issue of **inside english**.

You all hear

authentic voices

send them to i.e.

Synopses of Meetings

(cont. from page 3)

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING AND THE SMALL SUPERVISORY UNIT

Rosalie Wolf (San Francisco City) reported on her experience as a member of a 100-person department and on her research of the collective bargaining's progress around the state. As the largest and most powerful group on her campus, the English Department sought to insure that college reorganization did not create a management stratum whose principal loyalty was administrative. Instead her department opted for a structure which serves both faculty and administration: the supervisory unit. This unit acts as a buffer between management and teachers allowing the department chair to maintain a close relationship with the faculty group.

The faculty enjoys clear advantages. A person who knows needs, schedules classes and classrooms, supervises evaluations, solves grievances, interviews for hiring, develops departmental budgets, approves travel stipends. Such an arrangement protects a structure which has successfully formulated policies and curriculum, an important level of governance. That person's actions, most importantly, remain grievable.

Some disadvantages do exist. The unit is small; it must bargain separately. Administrators may disapprove, preferring to deal with only one unit; likewise, faculty may be suspicious viewing the department chairs as independent and unresponsive. Maintaining the election of department chairs has alleviated some hesitations.

Colleges which resist the alternatives (chairs as administration or faculty) must appreciate other drawbacks. The first option will find only a limited number of chairs upgraded. Even if English chair person were "elevated," s-he would doubtless enjoy less power as a low level administrator than s-he had as department head. Quite obviously, some deans would know nothing about the fields for which they would be making decisions. Totally outside the classroom and loyal to an administration which selects them, they could easily fall prey to the siren song of "efficiency" and sacrifice educational priorities.

Wolf recommends that persons electing this concept of the supervisory unit take the following advice: Allocate all supervisory functions to the chair. Find all other district employees whose duties give them the *same community of interest*. Define that unit and gather 30 plus 1 signatures from the group thus showing the ability to represent that group. If administration does not challenge via EERB, the supervisory unit is established. It usually affiliates with a union which does not represent the faculty bargaining unit (AFL-CIO, Teamsters, FACCC, CTA, AFT).

LANGUAGE ARTS IN THE COMMUNITY

Presented by Nayan McNeill, this talk described Foothill's ten-year effort to expand off-campus offerings. Two sites presently exist. Both are the result of extensive community assessment. Mountain View, a surplus elementary school offers ESL and remedial courses mainly. Palo Alto Center has attracted 50 senior citizens to creative writing where they have been doing autobiographies. Scheduling includes Saturdays; all courses run in 2-hour blocks. Retention seems good, especially in Spanish classes.

The English Department also sponsors a Writer's Workshop of a week's duration; prospective writers come for manuscript evaluation by professionals. McNeill recommends use of modules for adult classes where students are uninterested in units. She uses regular faculty who may teach off-campus at their option and,of course, the ubiquitous part-time staffer. She is aided in supervising continuing ed and off-campus programs by two associate chairs. They make final decisions about offerings, hirings, and evaluations; additionally, they cancel undersubscribed courses (fewer than 20 registrants).

Barbara Beckley, Newport Area Director of Coastline Community College, described her non-campus school as the first of its kind in California. Without permanent buildings, the community of 88 square miles must be the campus; classes occupy buildings at the appropriate sites. The theme is most definitely "outreach." The college uses part-timers exclusively, and Beckley seeks capable, flexible people for her staff. Though re-entry avocational programs represent the college's top priority, English courses offered include a sprinkling of classes equivalent to Golden West and Orange Coast's plus creative writing, preparation for the SAT, and advanced placement curriculum for exceptional high school students. Beckley deftly fielded hostile questions and learned, she reported, about skepticism among English professionals which she hadn't been aware existed.

OPEN FORUM--STANDARDS FOR TEACHERS-STUDENTS

Chaired by Seldon Cummings, (Cerritos) This session's participants uniformly agreed the evaluation process was ineffective. Procedures varied; some employ the student complaint, others peer evaluation; most use a contract-stipulated mechanism. The incompetent teacher can be identified in any number of ways: the person dismisses classes early, sets standards too high, displays a negative attitude toward students, assigns no or too few papers, grades inconsistently, fails to make syllabi, takes drugs or alcohol which impair classroom effectiveness. Out of class this negligent educator may ignore departmental assignments, fail to participate in curriculum development, or not make office hours.

All in attendance concurred that firing, suspending, placing on probation did no. represent solutions to the issue of the derelict instructor. Compiling folders of evidence may be useful only if it forces a crisis, and the instructor actually chooses to reform. Individual counseling by the department head may prove the more sensible approach. Staff development using mandatory in-service training might further aid instructor. Merit pay is a controversial fourth approach. Ultimately, the whole matter should be the concern of the profession instead of the few administrators now involved.

OPEN FORUM--ADMINISTRATIVE REORGANIZATION

Recent capricious and autocratic actions by administrators across the state have jeopardized departmental decision-making. On one campus, a department member was dismissed *sans* consultation with the department chair. On another campus, the President cancelled a position opening in the middle of the interviews again without consulting the department chair. These concerns and others were reported in the luncheon discussion and constitute growing problems.

Ann Clutinger addressed the topic by posing two discussion questions:

1. What recourse does a division chair have--short of quitting--when confronted with tyrannical acts?

2. How is the division structure working?

   a. What size divisions seem to work best?

   b. What other departments are grouped best with English in a division?

   c. Must there be some liaison person for each of the departments within a division?

   d. What specifically are the arguments for divisions?

   e. What are the counter-arguments for departments?

Send any responses to Ann Clutinger--Mesa College, San Diego.

TUTORIAL TEACHING

Debby Burbridge, Facilitator of the Learning Improvement Center at Diablo Valley and Marilyn Sutton of the Writing Adjunct (CS Dominguez Hills) addressed a common problem: melding the work of writing centers with work done in classes on campus. Both reported that such centers are seen by students and faculty as first-aid stations. Burbridge discussed two mechanisms for involving teachers: sponsoring workshops for individual departments and soliciting referral forms about each instructor's class for file in Lab. At Dominquez Hills, Sutton explained that students receive writing instruction in conjunction with another course. Faculty participants who elect to coordinate with program must assign writing; instructors learn also; they clarify their writing assignments.

Burbridge and Sutton recounted their experiences with tutor recruitment and training. DVC tutors come in two categories: the peer tutor paid with EOP funds and the paraprofessional tutor remunerated as a classified hourly employee. Sutton's tutors are trained using self-study questions, role-playing, videotapes, lectures, and assignments in the SKILLED HELPER by Egan. Faculty also are encouraged to enroll in the Teaching of Writing course for which they mayget release time. Sutton has invited persons interested in copies of the instruction manual, tutor's manual, handbook, or monograph of the 9-campus project to write her at Small College--Writing Adjunct--Cal State University, Dominguez Hill, 100 E. Victory Avenue, Dominguez Hills, CA 90747.

RECENT AND UPCOMING LEGISLATION AFFECTION COMMUNITY COLLEGES

Presented by Jim Cagnacci, the seminar on the Sacramento scene opened with a discussion of how the legislative process works. As Coordinator of Government Relations for ECCTYC, Cagnacci stressed the need for an effective lobby exclusively serving the English instructors in community colleges across the state. Only two such lobbies presently exist: one serves administrators, the second PE instructors. Organizations such as CTA and AFT are attempting to represent all interests -- K through university. Therefore, we can only expect a small segment of their total effort. FACCC and ASCCC do lobby, it is true, but mainly in the areas of salary and working conditions.

Cagnacci also reported the State Board to be politically ineffective. "It has little clout and is quickly being relegated to the background by the Post-Secondary Education Commission." The "poor press" and wrist-slapping in Sacramento are to a great degree, he believes, the fault of educators. "We have remained aloof from politics and must get involved in the process which governs our existence."

(cont. on page 7)

SYNOPSES (cont.)

(cont. from page 6)

Four areas concern us: financing procedures, parttime instruction staff, EERB and PERB, proposed initiatives by Briggs and Wilson. See Fall 1977 edition of **inside english** for amplifying details.

PLACEMENT TESTING PANEL--BENEFIT OR DETRIMENT?

Instructors from across the state gathered to discuss the various instruments used for placing students into writing classes. Rosanne Hillhouse (Imperial Valley) reported on her department's dissatisfaction with the Nelson-Denny Reading exam. She raised further questions about meeting the needs of ESL students. Gloria Floren of MiraCosta explored the merits of her college's self-generated test which is administered before the start of each semester. She also explained the 2-hour test's objective and essay portions along with the mechanism for paying English staffers who evaluate the results. Ed White, who later spoke at the General Session on the need for unanimous support of writing competence to be required of baccalaureate students throughout California, stressed in the seminar the importance of validity: tests should measure the skills we say are needed to pass freshman English and survive in college. To symbolize the discipline, he reiterated, any test must include writing. Laney's Adam Miller outlined that school's humanistic approach to testing. His department, with the help of 24 parttimers, places approximately 2000 students in two days via one-to-one conferencing.

All participants concurred the placement test is valuable for at least five reasons: students gain new understanding about their competence; instructors may plan more effectively because they can count on a minimum skill level; course content is enhanced since students with the motivation and time come to class intending to work and profit; the college benefits through reduced attrition.

4-1-1 CALENDAR: PRACTICES AND POSSIBILITIES

Reporting on Cabrillo's five years of experience with the new academic calendar was Dick Lundquist. He reiterated the advantages of fall semester's concluding before Christmas, spring's ending early in June, the welcome mid-year break's opportunities. Dale Larson of Saddleback said his college benefited from Cabrillo's experiences. Their pilot project in flexible scheduling provided ample time for faculty development, curriculum expansion, and campus-wide innovation. Bill Hamre, representative from the Chancellor's Office and contributor to FLEXIBLE CALENDAR: FIRST YEAR PROGRESS REPORT (available from Sacramento), believes that sixty percent of the colleges are interested in implementing the change though the innovation is hampered by the mandated number of teaching days. An assembly bill which would facilitate the new calendar's adoption is pending. Legislators will doubtless be impressed that reducing the standard year by 15 days did not reduce ADA. Statewide, inter-session activities have included course examination, in-service training, workshops, institutional research, grant writing, student advisement and orientation, field trips, assessment of community needs.

INTRA-STATE EXCHANGE OF INSTRUCTORS

Across California, community college enrollments are down. Boards of Trustees increasingly are heard to complain about the unwarranted cost of sabbatical leaves. Average age of the fully tenured faculty member is early forties. The prospect of new blood coming into our departments is virtually nil. For these reasons, ECCTYC has been asked to serve as a clearing house for the names of school districts and contacts for those of you anxious to make such arrangements.

AUTUMNS

C.J.F. -- In Memoriam: 1924-76

In that other autumn
We strolled a campus pathway--
Solemn/joyous undergraduates!
Now, again, the withered leaves of fall
Scuff my footsteps,
Stirring memories
Stronger than love,
Stronger than death,
Your promise withdrawn,
Our future the past . . .

Last fall,
When you left the world
For a narrower patch of earth,
I knew my loss a second time.

by Sam Bluefarb, Los Angeles Harbor College

INTRA-STATE TEACHER EXCHANGE

Individuals who wish to participate should plan the exchange of job, office, house, and car most cautiously. Get the commitment from each college administration in writing to continue paying the staff members' existing salaries; then make similar contractual agreements with perhaps deposits for the sharing of personal items. Most assuredly, participants should consult insurance companies. These planning complexities behind you, enjoy the delights of new students, new locale, new classes, new colleagues. Good luck from ECCTYC!

COLLEGE	Contact's Name
American River College	Robert Allen and-or Carrie Douglas
Cabrillo	Dick Lunquist
College of Alameda	Edward LeMay (714) 522-7221
College of the Sequoias	Dr. Lincoln Hall
Cuesta College	Dan Channey
East Los Angeles College	Rose Najar
El Camino College	Edward H. Jones Humanities Division
Feather River College	Barbara Thomas-Budrovich
Foothill College	Ms. Nayan McNeill
Fresno City College	Bert Woodruff
Imperial Valley College	Rosanne Hillhouse English Division
L.A. City College	James E. Simmons
Lassen College	Marina Fenner
L.A. Trade-Tech College	Mel Brown
MiraCosta College	Julie Hatoff
Modesto Junior College	Robert Mognis
Ohlone College	Florence Reynolds
Palomar College	Bob Coleman
Sacramento City College	Dr. Dorothy Bray Dean of Lang. & Literature
San Bernardino Valley College	Judy Hert
San Diego Evening College	Dr. Elizabeth Keating
S.D. Mesa College	Ann Clutinger
Santa Monica	Nina Theiss
Siskiyous	James D. Collins
Yuba College	Gordon Taylor

********** Demise of Literature **********

(Cont. from page 1)

analyze imperially the lyrics of Sappho or Yeats and have deserted us, protesting that the emperor in the literature classroom has no clothes. The word is out: Smith is the world authority on exegesis of the text of the **Odyssey**--and little else except flycasting on the Klamath.

If we have not been educating feeling and subjective experience, to which shapers of feeling have our students been turning? Briefly I shall list some of the principal givers of form to the subjective responses of young people today, and this list will possibly show some of the reasons that our classrooms are emptying.

1. The cinema, radio, television, music systems, discos, etc. have become media for human expressiveness to the young in our culture. Anyone who has watched a teenager dance can see that powerful feeling is elicited and shaped by both dance and music that we frequently call barbaric. The audience of **Star Wars** has a major message for every literature teacher who stands in an emptying classroom.

2. The "burning" social issues of these decades have evoked responses that have erupted into strong emotions and convictions in the young. These "burning" social issues are media for feelings denied young people in a mechanistic, technological age. Some of the obvious gut level issues are racism, religion, feminism, sexism, gay rights, and pacifism. Under the flag of universal human rights, a generation of young Americans is learning to feel in egalitarian forms, in media curious and strange to us who teach the printed text. The most successful literature courses in the English department at City College of San Francisco in recent years have been advocacy courses such as women's literature, gay literature, and creative writing. The common factor in these courses is that students can express themselves in the aesthetic forms provided by Catullus or Plath, and their responses are not trivialized by the teachers demanding that the response be made "objective." These students can determine their own performance value (contract grading), and they can perceive and feel **Jane Eyre** or **Passage to India** from a feminist, or gay, or egalitarian viewpoint that is personal discovery in the shapes provided by works of art. Many of us have learned that "student apathy" actually reveals the nature of the challenge we provide, not the student response. When a literature teacher respects the total being of the student, the teacher does not scientifically lobotomize a Shakespeare sonnet by lifting out with calipers issues of same-sex love and giving the student what remains.

And finally I shall list some of the **immediate** causes for the decline in appeal of literature electives. Many of our potential students are rejecting college for the same reasons.

1. A decline in career opportunities in teaching English;
2. A decline in the attractions of the English teacher as role model (We haven't appeared to enjoy what we have been doing);
3. A decline in student belief in the significance of our cultural heritage (When passionless advocates speak of Periclean Athens, few find Athens worth the trip.)
4. A decline in student faith in the ability of literature teachers to deal with human issues compassionately; and
5. A decline in student pleasure in reading the printed page, in sensitivity to printed words.

Only the last of the above shall I consider, not because it is the most important, but because I believe that we have been mis-interpreting its significance. Most teachers have come to believe that "literature" is only the printed word, a single medium, and young people have rediscovered an older and more pervasive reality about poesis (the art of making): that art is usually a multi-media creative event using a spectrum of sensory appeals. We possibly may be entering another era of illiteracy, but, shocking as my statement may be, I believe that is not necessarily a disastrous return to barbarism. Some of the world's finest poems have been created as oral compositions by makers who usually were illiterate. One can safely assert that during three hundred years of Hellenic civilization, poets from Homer, Sappho, and through the great tragedians created their works as oral, not literary compositions. And the **Iliad**, the **Prayer to Aphrodite**, and the **Agamemnon** were far more than words: they were music, perhaps spectacle, and frequently the dance. We unfortunately have long believed that those creations were only printed literature, a single-medium event. Maybe our students today, nurtured as they are by multi-media expressiveness, are telling us in clear terms that art in the next several generations will be far less literary than it has been during this age of Holy Writ. Certainly we know the many studies announcing a probable terminus to conventional literacy as we drown in a floodtide of printed words. Our students may be far ahead of us in perceiving and shaping the future of human creativity. The urge to create is not declining: the youth today may be shaping in older, more traditional forms because of the astonishing possibilities in the new technology. Perhaps the printed word alone is out.

The task for every English department and every literature teacher is to begin immediately rethinking and re-evaluating just where we are going from here. Literature courses may attract future students in sizable numbers, but I conclude that such courses will do so only after we have constructed a painful, undeluded profile of ourselves, our previously docile and respectful acolytes, and the worldwide cultural matrix that we are creating. With such profiles we can act by re-establishing literature in Academe as an art medium expressing human values in sublime forms and shapes.

Sacramento Scene

by James Cagnacci
City College of San Francisco

Since the state legislators have been on recess these past weeks, I cannot report on recently passed legislation. Instead, I thought I might bring you up to date on proposed legislation to be introduced in Sacramento or to be brought directly to the people. The big issues are an extension of the Serrano-Priest decision, restraints on the reimbursement of part-time--hourly staff, the Briggs Initiative, and the Wilson Initiative.

Much pressure is being placed on legislators to extend to community college districts the Serrano-Priest decision on the public financing of elementary and secondary school districts. Unless safeguards are developed that would clearly differentiate types of programs at community colleges and various sources of funding, many college districts will suffer greatly in an altruistic attempt to equalize funding.

Legislators will return to Sacramento to grapple with the problem of part-time--hourly staff. It seems a certainty that many of the proposals made during the last session will be withdrawn in favor of a compromise measure which key legislators are attempting to hammer out during the current recess. Most observers are positive that the legislature sooner or later will have to approve some type of pro-rata pay formula. However, these same observers are equally sure that no financial help will be forthcoming to local districts when they struggle to comply with the provisions of pro-rata legislation.

In the last Sacramento Scene column I made mention of Senator Briggs' initiative. Since that column was written, the original initiative was withdrawn because of a technicality; however, Senator Briggs has since reintroduced that initiative. Do not be fooled by assertions that the sole purpose of the initiative is to rid the teaching profession of homosexuals. As bad as that would be, the initiative is much worse because it goes even beyond the unreasonable infringement of human rights. If you read the initiative carefully, you will see that the same legal recriminations directed against homosexual instructors are to be used against any instructors who teach materials authored by reputed homosexuals, who mention homosexuality without condemning it, or who make any allowance for the possible existence of alternate life styles.

A second initiative, the product of San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson, has surfaced. This one would deny the umbrella of tenure to any instructor who dared to strike. A striking teacher would forfeit all tenure rights and would be subject to immediate dismissal by his-her Board.

From all signs, it looks as if we are in for another session of anti-education legislation and for more political campaigns capitalizing on dwindling public respect for the educational system and for educators. If we want to assess blame for these negative attitudes, we must be prepared to accept a large portion of it ourselves. We have traditionally hidden in "our ivory towers," not wishing to explain our programs to the very public that funds us. We have given even shorter shrift to our legislators because we feared some type of contamination if we dared to enter the political process. In short we have been content to be mismanaged by an uninformed State Board of Governors and an equally uninformed State Legislature. If we are unwilling to organize ourselves into a viable political force, capable of answering the unjust charges of the public, the state legislators, and some opportunistic political candidates, we deserve the unflattering spotlight which has been focused on us.

INSIDE ENGLISH

The Journal of the English Council of the California Two-Year Colleges

SPRING 1978

WONDERFUL ENGLISH TEACHERS

by Jack Swenson,
Canada College

Jim Quinn, writing in the Washington Post,[1] has leveled criticism at English teachers in an article titled "Wonderful English Teachers and Other Word Snobs." The article is a delight to read, and Quinn makes many good points, but his criticism of teachers is unfair and the stereotype that he creates is annoying if not dangerous. Quinn scores--with considerable justification--books on grammar and usage that are arbitrary and inaccurate, and makes an eloquent defense of "ordinary talk." But with a strange twist of logic, he makes English teachers responsible for the bad books, and for good measure, blames them for Americans' lack of writing ability.

First the good news. Quinn is righteously-indignant about books such as Bernstein's The Careful Writer, and Fowler's Modern English Usage. He calls Edwin Newman's A Civil Tongue and Strictly Speaking the "worst books ever written about language." "Predicting the end of English, and telling us how bad we talk has become a kind of minor industry," Quinn says. This statement has the ring of truth. Quinn goes on to say that "A little thought will convince anyone that they learned more grammar before they went to school than they ever did in school." This is undoubtedly true. As Quinn points out, the knowledge we already have by the time we get to kindergarten prevents us from saying:

The it boy the to told girl.

Quinn's badgering of sticklers for precise grammar is amusing. One of his examples is the familiar dangling modifier in the sentence,

> Lincoln wrote
> the Gettysburg
> Address while riding on a
> train on the back of an en-
> velope.

According to Quinn, the Wonderful English Teacher is sure to point out that what this sentence means is

> We do not, usually,
> see that without
> one or two rereadings of the
> sentence. But we learn to.
> And we learn to alter that
> sentence so as not to confuse
> all those people who don't
> know that a train is bigger
> than an envelope.

Equally devastating is the author's impertinent questioning of the factual accuracy and scholarly credibility of such renowned language experts as: Wilson Follett, Jacques Barzun, Carlos Baker, Frederick W. Dupee, Dudley Fitts, James D. Hart, Phyllis McGinley, and Lionell Trilling. Re: Modern American Usage, edited by the above (Follett died before the book was completed), Quinn asks, "How could all those highly educated people--who together have spent more years in school than any reader of this article has been alive--put their names on a book with such nonsense in it?"

As an example of the sloppy scholarship and inaccuracy of current books on language and usage, Quinn cites Newman's criticism of the expression "Y' know," which Newman claims had its origin among "poor blacks who, because of the disabilities imposed on them, often did not speak well . . ." Quinn points out that "you know" first appeared in writing circa 1350.

> Chaucer used an equivalent in 1386.
> Addison used it in 1712. It
> found its way into the ex-
> cruciatingly polite con-
> versations of Jane Austen's
> characters in Northanger
> Abbey (1798).

"You know" is an old and useful phrase, as important in English as n'est-ce pas? is in French.

The gist of Quinn's article is that the English language is rich, vital, and alive; that ordinary speech is something of value, "a delight to listen to"; and that books on language and usage do considerable harm by creating a paranoia about "good English." These points are well-taken.

On the other hand, claiming that classroom teachers are somehow responsible for the linguistic idiosyncracies of writers like Follett and Newman is utterly ridiculous. Also, pinning the blame for the current literary crisis on English teachers is both short-sighted and contradictory. ("And thanks mostly to the Wonderful English Teacher, most Americans write like cripples.")

Quinn creates a stereotype that makes for wonderful reading, but which does disservice to thousands of classroom teachers whose subject is English. Says Quinn,

> You remember
> your Wonderful
> English Teacher--everybody
> had one--the one who hated
> bad language and loved
> grammar. And loved even
> more making fun of bad
> grammar.

Perhaps I am atypical, but I never had a Wonderful English Teacher when I was a student. I know people who have had English teachers who were word snobs, but I never heard of anyone taking them seriously.

The stereotype is a cheap shot, entirely unnecessary except as a metaphor to an article which has some important things to say about language use today and attitudes towards language. Quinn refutes Newman's opinion that America will be the death of English. "English is unkillable," says Quinn. If it could be killed, people like Newman and Bernstein and the Wonderful English Teacher would have killed it long ago. Quinn's optimism is justified, but for the wrong reasons. Some English teachers may be guilty of overemphasizing the fine points of grammar and usage, but I suspect that they are few. Use of language that is lively, direct, and idiomatic is likely to be rewarded by most English teachers, regardless of how much they stress mechanics or form.

Plain talk, and tolerance of speech differences, are the ideals put forth by Quinn, and few of us who teach English for a living would deny that these are noble aims. Quinn is right in attacking word snobs, but his swipe at classroom teachers is unjustified and silly. Most of the word snobs that I know or know about are not teachers. The ones who are teachers, do not teach English; their fields are business, mathematics, or history. Putting the blame on English teachers for language problems, imagined or real, is a popular sport these days, but Americans' troubles with writing and speaking have more complex causes, as recent well-publicized studies have pointed out. Wonderful English Teachers, if they exist, make poor villains. They may be capable of small tyrannies in the classroom, but it is nonsense to accuse them of fostering a nationwide paranoia about language use.

WONDERFUL REPORTERS

Newsman Quinn is part of a growing breed of Wonderful Reporters, a species which does exist. (They came into being with Woodward and Bernstein.) The Wonderful Reporter exposes Evil and casts out devils. What he loves best is finding a wrongdoer to bedevil (if you will pardon the expression); this is fine, there are plenty of wrongdoers around, and people who point them out are doing the rest of us a service. But pointing out a crime is not the same thing as catching the criminal, and creating a villain to make a story more sensational is not good reporting but rather cheap journalism.

[1] Reprinted in the San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronicle, Sunday Punch, January 15, 1978, page 7.

The English Teacher's Five Foot Shelf: Information, Please in the English Department

by Norm Prinsky,
Golden West College

If most English teachers were assigned to teach for the first time a class on world literature or nineteenth-century American literature, they would probably feel the need of some preparation--background reading--in the area so that they could competently deal with such central course material as the medieval world view, the Renaissance, or the American Transcendental movement. However, many of those same English teachers feel little or no need to prepare for their composition classes. (Some, I regret to say, don't even carefully read beforehand the essay or literature anthologies that they are going to assign to their students--a fault further compounded when they have been responsible for choosing these as the assigned texts for their classes.) Perhaps this is because of an enthymeme that runs, "I must know how to teach composition, because I know how to write." Perhaps many English teachers don't feel the need of background work in teaching composition because they are so fond of the first of the five parts of classical rhetoric, invention: they want to give reign to their impulsive inventiveness in their courses. But for whatever reason they have not prepared, many composition teachers obviously disbelieve Santayana and are also inordinately fond of individually, laboriously, and wastefully reinventing the wheel and the electric lightbulb.

The long and sometimes painful process of thinking through the theoretical bases of what they're doing, finding methods and assignments that work, and avoiding non- or even counterproductive mistakes (how many of us don't feel a twinge for the student whom not only haven't we helped, but positively turned off to writing, perhaps permanently?) can be diminished by doing what English teachers notoriously like to do: reading. Simply by reading what has been written about the teaching of composition, the English teacher need not, as so often happens (in other fields as well as English), take years for his ontogeny to recapitulate his pedagogical phylogeny. This time-saving is one of the main things books are for. My "Composition Bibliography--" (**inside english**, Fall 1977; supplement, this issue) is offered in the hope that at least some teachers will be spared the time and trouble of repeating mistakes of the past (some long-discredited) and the slow, dim groping for successful methods and strategies in teaching composition. (Readers who missed it in the last issue and would like a copy of the complete bibliography should write to me at Golden West College for one, which I will gladly supply.) Since the list is extensive (and costly), I recommend departmental purchase of these materials, to be kept in some easily accessible place so that they receive the widest possible dissemination. With wide enough dissemination in individual English departments, perhaps the apathetic and bored can be spurred or shamed into renewed interest, those fixed on the traditional lecture method jarred loose, those who impulsively and erratically experiment led to choose new paths more thoughtfully and rationally, and those who go to composition conferences or read one article not grasp so naively at the first proposal that comes their way.

I suggest that in addition to or instead of individual reading of all the items in my "Composition Bibliography," that members of the department report on and discuss them at department meetings, the time at which is not always as productively spent as it could be. Such reports, which we could call in educationese "in service training" (and make some administrator's day), should also encompass new books and articles, perhaps highlighting or recommending promising articles from the journals listed in section VIII of my bibliography.

One goal of a solid foundation in what has been written about teaching composition is the stimulation of research leading to the most effective methods and

(Cont. on page 8)

Booth Steps Down

NEW EDITOR SOUGHT

Richard Booth's decision to give up the editorship of this publication has kicked off a statewide search for a replacement. The ECCTYC Search Committee will be seeking someone with at least a basic knowledge of journalism, as well as abundant energy and a desire to strengthen an already popular journal.

Any community college English instructor interested in the vacant post should write to Richard Booth at Crafton Hills College (see box on this page for the full address). Booth will be serving as a member of the search committee. The other ECCTYC officers on the committee are: Virgil Sessions and John Coates, Orange Coast College; Genevieve Meyer, Los Angeles Trade Technical College; Pat Barney, Citrus College; and Sister Joseph Adele Edwards, Mount St. Mary's College.

Contact any of these people for further information about the editor's responsibilities.

inside english has been enthusiastically received and supported by California's community college English instructors. It is ECCTYC's intent to continue providing the journal's readers with pertinent, useful information.

inside english, the journal of the English Council of California Two-Year Colleges, is published three times each year [fall, winter, and spring]. Articles of interest to community college English teachers should be forwarded to:

Richard E. Booth
Editor, inside english
Crafton Hills College
11711 Sand Canyon Road
Yucaipa, Calif. 92373
(714) 794-2161]

Poetry is often included in the journal; those submitting poems should enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if they wish their material returned.

Journal ad rates: $5 per colum inch; half page, $125; full page, $200. Send inquiries about advertising space to Richard Booth at the above address.

ECCTYC Conferences

SAN FRANCISCO BAY REGION--Set for Saturday, May 20, at Mills College. The topic is "Articulation with High Schools." Representatives of area high schools are invited to discuss their programs. Directors: Jim Cagnacci, City Col of San Francisco; Marlene Griffith, Laney, Col.

NORTHERN REGION-- Held April 7 at Shasta College. Representatives from six oeight regional colleges explored approaches to remedial writing instruction and systems for placement. Directors: Joe Fitschen, Lassen Col.; Gordon Taylor, Yuba Col.

SAN BERNARDINO REGION-- Held March 2. Regional instructors conferred on "Teaching Basic Skills" and at luncheon heard guest-speaker Marlene Griffith, co-author of the **Borzoi College Reader**. Directors: Richard Booth, Crafton Hills Col.; Judith Hert, San Bernardino Valley Col.

NORTH LOS ANGELES REGION - Held March 16 at Los Angeles Pierce College. Instructors from fifteen of eighteen regional colleges participated in a workshop on "Holistic Scoring of Essays" conducted by Carol MacKay, UCLA writing specialist. Directors: Sr. Joseph Adele Edwards, Mount St. Mary's Col. Genevieve Meyer, Los Angeles Trade-Technical College.

ECCTYC BOARD OF DIRECTORS - Bi-annual meeting held April 13-14 in San Diego. Elected: Donald Snepp to the Executive Committee as immediate past president; James Cagnacci, vice-president; Jack Gill, secretary.

A progress report on the grant porposal was made. All input gathered at the statewide Conference of Chairpersons in 1976 and 1977 was used in the preliminary application. It was submitted to Washington in January and was accepted. The full proposal was sent in March.

On the 14th, the ECCTYC Board met in joint session with the two English Councils of the state university systems, UC and CSUC. ECCTYC president-elect Gertrude Fujii responded to the welcome. Reports of major interest to community college faculty concerned instructional implications and assessment of the English Placement Test (EPT) administered to students entering Cal State schools; findings on "Teaching Writing and Reading" (UC-CSSUC) from the state Chancellor's office; and a comparison of systemwide funded projects in basic writing skills which informed on effective use of learning skills centers and writing labs.

English and Employment: Antonyms?

Julie Hatoff-MiraCosta

Persistence, research, and luck--factors in getting any job, but how often do they apply to persons trained in English? Dorothy K. Bestor's **Apart From Teaching English, What in the World can you do?** (University of Washington Press, 1976, $4.95 plus postage) addresses the question with the same disarming candor her title implies. What's more, she counsels English majors to quit apologizing about their education in analyzing novels, reading poetry, writing short stories, exploring archives, and teaching subject-verb agreement.

Other commentators before Bestor have known that these "ivy-walled" pursuits do *in fact* equip graduates for the real world. They recognize that English majors possess marketable skills which include expertise in problem solving, fundamental to decision-making; research methods, necessary to management; human nature, crucial to understanding inter-personal relations; historical perspectives, vital to evaluating and originating innovations; liberal values, inherent to unifying rather than further compartmentalizing American industry.

But just how do we capitalize on these skills we *know* we possess when the world believes we have cobwebs and Coleridge between our ears? Bestor bests her fellow apologists in *Apart From Teaching English*. . . She earned a Ph. D. in humanities from Yale then taught at several northeastern colleges before coming west to Bellevue Community College. Out of her recent tenure at the University of Washington Placement Office came this no-nonsense approach to selling one's credentials and documenting one's expertise.

Operating on the assumption that there are now close to three times as many doctorates in the humanities as teaching jobs, she addresses herself to alternate careers. She does *not* mean selling encyclopediaas until the right school position comes along. An employer is only too quick to reject "cocky" English majors; they are after all "over qualified." Similarly, an employer has a sixth sense about candidates exhibiting desperation born of flying the freeways from one part-time post to another. Even a person outside the academic fold knows that gypsy instructors of remedial English must these days display resumes showing them to be fit for fellowships at Oxford.

What Bestor does mean is contained in several comprehensive chapters where she covers free-lance editing, publishing, television and journalism, even government agencies. Most helpful are Bestor's surveys of three-hundred employers and job holders in these areas, many of whom created jobs different from those they were hired to fill: writing news releases, directing publicity campaigns, coordinating conferences, translating technical information for lay readers, editing grant proposals. Bestor inventories the skills needed to secure such work; she provides a bibliography that would make English majors conversant in editing, public relations, or publishing (to cite but three of several fields); she lists resource organizations; she documents useful short courses (on grant writing, for example) and even mentions available internships.

Aside From Teaching English. . reminds us all that communications is essentially a generalist's craft. Generalists have themselves too often set limits on their own horizons. Though the humanities preparation may prove their greatest deficit, it could also represent their greatest asset. As teachers of English, we should be responsive--but not self conscious--about the first reality. As qualified as we are, we know that few of us would be hired today for the positions we hold. Therefore, instead of sending out occupational clones of ourselves, we can recruit students, teach them the glories of the profession we love, and graduate them with an appreciation of the arts coupled with enthusiasm for the opportunities outside the traditional roles. That's the second, more exciting reality! Using Bestor's book as our text, we can begin the reforms on our own campuses by urging students to combine English majors with business minors. Just think of how much more humane the workaday world will become!

For My Students

by Maxine Kent Valian

Forgive me you are sandwiched
In between a quick-dry blossom sheet
And unelasticized pajama bottoms

A departmental committee for establishing
liasons with a department committed
to the non-establishment of liaisons
And a seminar on Blake's visions

Spartan carrot-stick swiss-cheese non-burp
cucumber
And a grabbed See's nugget

Gentle medieval melancholia
And technologically predictable scientifically
verifiable future-shock

An anapestic pentameter
And a trimeter dactyl

Where are you?

To Roberta, for Baking Barmbrack after Reading Joyce's 'Clay'

I can see that you are condemned to experience.
It will not be enough for you to know
Where Stephen Dedalus had to go,
Vicarious, or Medes, Assyrians.

You'll have to go yourself, you will retrace
The Grail-quest, you'll go to the very land
Of Mordor. You'll go to Logres, and
Toward Narnia set your face.

You want your experience without a mediate,
Nourish the flesh with Joyce's Gaelic bread
While nurturing the spirit with what you've read.
Oh fine Roberta, pray don't read The Idiot.

I tell you what I wish for you, colleen,
That the currants in your slice of life,
The piquant lemon rind, the fist of spice
Sustain you through the flat, perverse, and mean.

Feed on fiction, finely chew on fact.
Let the two whirl and merge to be
Your only own reality
And never leave off making barmbrack.

by Mort Tenenbaum

L.A. Community Colleges Overseas

Mount St. Mary's

STUDENT SERVICES INCREASED

As a result of recently receiving a $1,000,000 grant from the Advanced Institutional Development Program (AIDP) under Title III, Mount St. Mary's College in Los Angeles is currently increasing its student services programs. Among these will be the relocating and remodeling of the Communication Skills lab at the Doheny Campus, where the College's Associate in Arts Program is centered. Sister Joseph Adele Edwards, Director of the Communication Skills Program and Assistant Director of ECCTYC's North Los Angeles Region, has been appointed as chairperson of an ad hoc committee for developing a new Learning Resource Center.

The current Communication Skills lab has been operating since fall of 1971 and has regularly increased both hard and software as a result of Title II, Raskob Foundation, and institutional matching grants. Students taking the Communication Skills course are required to spend an average of one hour per week in the lab for re-enforcement of class material and-or improvement of their basic skills in reading, writing, listening, and speaking.

KEEP WRITING FOR I.E. !

Authentic Voices

Community Colleges nowadays hold probably the richest, most varied group of people found in any one geographical place anywhere. Background, ages, talents, dilemmas--we are the Globe Theater. But who are we? These pages present varying student voices, some polished pieces, some simple recording honest responses to experience. But all, I think, speak with fresh and authentic voices that can delight and instruct the reader. Listening to them may break down our uneasy feelings of how strange-different we are and make us more aware of how rich-different and also how alike we are.

Marlene Griffith Laney College

The Making of a Soldier: Fear

by Domingo Elizondo

A few hours after arrival in Vietnam we were on a bus, jerking toward the south and the enemy. There had been word of guerilla activity, and on every bus men kept watch on the hills, ready to fire. Sometime during this one-hour journey, war came home to us all -- war and fear.

It came first to some as they faced the reality of being shot at, of having someone actually trying to kill them. Others felt it first when we passed a hospital bus returning from the unknown with its load of silent, bandaged figures; others when they saw two rigid bodies floating slowly down the river which ran close to the road. It was only a dull feat, this first feeling, hardly more than an uneasiness. But we were realizing reluctantly that whatever control we had over our destinies was now slipping from us.

Arrival in the combat area did nothing to reassure us. Some wounded soldiers were playing cards on the road near our debarkation point. One of our newly-arrived guys, mustering his self-confidence, teased:

"Is this the way you people fight a war!"

"This isn't the movies, soldier." The card players were tired but superior. "You'll be lucky to do as well as the 101st.!" That was the unit the newcomers were to relieve.

"You the 101st!"

"We're what's left of it."

It was a sobering remark, and with it came, for all of us, the beginning, but only the beginning, of real fear.

There had been hard fighting at Cu Chi for over a week. A company of the 101st had been cut off and was still surrounded, desperately short of ammunition, water and rations. A number of airborne units were dispatched to effect a rescue. As they set out along a dusty road under a malicious sun there was no conversation. Fatigues grew dark with sweat, and bodies settled into an automatic slouching pace. Instead of excitement there was lethargy as they plodded past the ruins of Ahn Ke, past dead, swollen water buffaloes, their legs sticking stiffly in air, past an ammunition bearer who had fainted from heat exhaustion, and forward into fear, as two hidden machine guns opened fire from the flank.

We stared, ignorantly amazed; then leaped for cover, feeling the sudden singe of terror as we saw the bullets splash dust in the road. This was a deeper fear than before; it wiped out the past and the future -- everything except the utter and immediate necessity for safety. Until we found cover, we were animals -- wild with fear and moving by instinct alone. Once we were in ditches or behind rocks, our fear somewhat subsided. But then our superiors, swearing, exhorting, brandishing carbines, stood exposed on the road and ordered us up and on.

It is one thing to lie in a snug trench while you listen to the bullets ricocheting from the stones over your head or smacking the turf just beyond; there you are calmly, almost pleasurably, afraid.

It is another thing to stand where you can receive a bullet in your stomach -- which is now bottomless and sick. The fear that comes then is a frenzied pounding in the breast, a feeling of nakedness, a frantic attempt to blot out everything but the sight of the ground directly ahead and the sound of the voice of command, and to go on and on until it is done. In days, or weeks, a fear like that becomes either grim determination, or it festers into panic, hysteria and collapse. It makes man of boy, or child of man.

It is a wonderful thing to discover that you are not as afraid as you thought you would be. It gives green youths an immeasurable life in their first days of fire. After these initiations, they look at each other and smile; they have shown themselves, maybe for the first time, that they are not cowards. They can do their duty in spite of their dread. Unfortunately, the discovery loses its potency in repetition: fire fights, patrols, assaults, barrages follow one another in meaningless order, and simple courage is not enough. Mind and body are worn thin; the last drop of will power is wrung out, and you need something more. Providentially, it comes. A strange emotion, a truly marvelous exhilaration, takes over. Born of the endless fear, it sweeps the endangered along heedless, even fiercely jubilant, to whatever end of the road. For the survivor, the memory of this experience often lingers and wields a powerful influence. It is like a remembered experience, which exerts a fascination and arouses a craving for more indulgence. Men inflamed by the ecstasy will go back from safety to the battle when for them there is no call.

I think it must be this driving intoxication which inspires heroes, the men who hug grenades to their chests to save their fellowmen, or dash singly against impregnable enemy positions. It must be the thing that makes warriors -- for there are some who enjoy war. There was a young lieutenant, possibly still living, in command of a platoon at the bank of the Mekong River. Enemy raiders were slipping by night into the no-man's village on the other side, setting up mortars and machine guns to harass our outposts. The lieutenant crawled out to the village and, alone in a maze of rubble, lay in wait for the raider band. He surprised the raiding party and destroyed their supplies. I think he was as happy at his work as any man I have known.

But the danger-lust is more remarkable in ordinary men, doing their job as best they can and finding no pleasure in it. These the fever can transform into something wholly foreign to their natures. One company of soldiers stayed five days on a ridge surrounded by ten times their number. At night the enemy would slip into their midst, and in the morning crumpled bodies of their comrades would be found with knife wounds on their bodies. Finally a rescue force cut its way through, and the soldiers would fall back. But they seemed to take no joy in their salvation. "They were so mad they didn't care if they ever came back!" marveled a member of the rescue party. The unit to which that company belonged became famous for its ruthless efficiency. Its schooling had been complete.

Green, scared soldiers approach their first test by fire, and begin to realize how dependent they are on each other. They reappraise each other, and pray fervently every other will turn out true. One man's laxity or weakness can kill all the rest. Afterward the survivors feel a hot pride in their collective achievement and a glow of gratitude and trust for each other. In a little time a bond is forged in a platoon or company -- a bond which is stronger than most family ties, for the price of its dissolution is often death. Transfer a soldier out of a unit like that and he will be acutely unhappy and afraid; in his new environment, he cannot be sure that the men on his right and left will still be there when the assault waves come. Many soldiers, comfortably convalescing from wounds, plead to be sent back to their unit. They would rather go back and fight besides their friends than take their full measure of rest, and then risk being sent to a different unit.

The fraternity of such soldiers is infectious; it spreads over a whole combat area. Every man who does his job under fire becomes the brother of every other who is in the same fix. A man passing by your foxhole may be a stranger, but he is your friend; he is here, being shot at, rained on, deprived of food, water and comfort, and today may be his last as well as yours. After a while you love just about every man you see -- each one is suffering for you.

It is a common remark among soldiers that the farther back you go, the less sympathetic are the people. The less hardship the man knows, the less he is driven into feeling for his neighbor, and the more he is just what he was in his peaceful home -- self-centered, and unfeeling.

Many fears go into being afraid for your life. Perhaps it is all other fears violently mixed in one: fear that a wife will be a widow, that children will be fatherless; fear that all the pleasures and joys you find in your life will be felt no more; fear that you will be judged by your errors-- that you will never demonstrate your beliefs.

Sometimes fear becomes so intense that it breeds unaccustomed courage. In the dense fog near Saigon, a young soldier found himself alone. The order to pull back somehow never had reached him. He tried, frantically, to follow his comrades, but the mist was like a blindfold. After every brief desperate rush, he stopped, uncertain, staring at the little space he could see around him. As panic mounted, he heard the scratches of feet against stone, the metallic sound of metal on metal and metal on rock. He had been a soldier long enough, and he knew by the sounds that it was not his platoon. The impulse to scream was almost too strong to control, but he bit it down. Miraculously, right there in front of him, loomed a huge boulder. He leaped around it and crouched in the shelter it afforded.

Suddenly two pairs of soft-shoed feet stopped onto the flat rock above his head. Two voices murmured -- not in English. His heart was like a

pneumatic drill, crashing and blasting its way through his frame; his eyes blurred with stinging tears. Time became meaningless. But the human being can stand no more than so much, and he relaxed slowly. It did not matter, now, once you knew, and it was so peaceful. Life had seldom given him a sweeter moment than this acceptance of its limit. The young soldier stood up. Careless, and yet strangely confident that his step in the dark would sound like any other, he walked down the hill and through the fields and back to his unit.

That, in the end is how a soldier is made: through fear -- fear for your life -- until you are so afraid that you can be afraid no more.

Domingo Elizondo is 32. He majors in chemistry at Crafton Hills College and works full-time. A Vietnam veteran, he is married and has one child. His first language was Spanish.

SPEECH

I am an independent clause, and

he------dependent.

Our coming together, completes a

meaning.

by JEANNINE A. BUFORD, PEER TUTOR

LOS MEDANOS JR. COLLEGE

You all hear

authentic voices

send them to i.e.

Untitled

An unheard wind is rippling in the branches
of the tree below,
And with each flow and ebb of air
a yellow speckled flock of leaves float down.

The ground below the lower boughs
is lost beneath the window frame,
Satin steel and nylon carpet intervene
to block the bricks and stones from view.

Because the window is this size
(man high) and no larger,
The final landfall of the leaves
cannot be known for sure.

Most likely, they will sail into the streets
and vanish under foot and wheel.

The plants inside the window,
in shallow pots suspended from the floor above,
do not drop their leaves. They do not feel the whim of winter.
They do not feel the shine of spring.
Fluorescent fall is all they know.

They sense the light of outside though,
slowly grasping, crawling, seeking.
Drawn by light, and wind, and cold.

But the window stands transparent,
still and hard,
Keeping wind and wishes in their place.

by Paul Bishop
Creative Writing Student
West Los Angeles College

The Process

It never starts quite well:
Straggling into 505
Dragging bits and pieces
Of our recent worlds
Churlish almost of our time
And I of course
Worrying my worth
And Hemingway's

As rays of winter sun setting
Frame our window, wash across
The sky all panoramic pinks
In cloudswept prodigality
So over-earnest there in 505
You little scholars
Scholaring your rites

Lights on, and tentatively
Day falls away, warming
Quickening our fabricated world
Of words, we feel our way
Among the "facets," "faucets"
Lost in the absurd anatomy
Of a "many fauceted man"

by G.A. Hicks
Fullerton College

Analyzing, tantalizing
Daring the response
Ourselves unfold,
"A Clean, Well-Lighted Place"
In darkness now, in pieces
Hanging Humpty Dumptyish in air,
Aware, flavoring the words
We feed towards that leap
Of grace, to see exactly
What we see (we hope)
In place

Partners now we pulse along
Save one, inertia's child
Sliding on her spine
Guilelessly bored

Accordingly dismissed, released
We move and fold
Beneath a starstrewn sky
We modulate. Except
The process softly burrs
Along the bone
So slightly, permeably
Other than we were

Thanks, Apologies to Masefield

I must go down to my job again,
the imbroglio of pain,
And all I ask is a goodly shake
___and a marked deck to explain;
With the typing clack & the Xerox buzz
and a needful cup of mercy,
Awash in frowns on the morning's face,
I should not be seen this early.

BY Salvatore Salerno, Jr.
Fresno City College

I must go into my office now,
for the call of the dog-eared pile
Is a harrowed groove & a biting gall,
and I must not let my dreams beguile;
So all I ask of the graded day
is a rigged and fleet pen riding,
A peck of pride, a scoop of laughs
and none of the sweet girls crying.

I must go down to that room again,
to the netted, gut-taut life,
Where the scholar's warp, the poet's wool
are weaved to appetites;
And all I ask is a half-clean tale
from the red-nosed, snow-haired fellow,
A dish of stew and a pipe of smoke --
set my sheets on the evening's billow.

Sacred, Profane, and Humane in Department Life

by Hazard Adams

My purpose today is to reveal a principle undiscovered when I wrote **The Academic Tribes** and specially applicable to departments of English, even when such departments masquerade under more elegant bureaucratically or idealistically conceived names. As an amateur anthropologist of academic behavior, I declare at once that my field work employs no computer technology, structuralist methodology, psycholinguistic terminology, co-workers, spades, shovels, cameras, or research assistants whose articles I sign. In other words, I fall back on personal experience and prejudice.

The principle I shall enunciate is that there are sacred and profane in departmental life, but unlike what occurs in conventional primitive tribal behavior, things sacred and things profane are not held forever separate, like heaven and earth, deity and devil. They are totally mixed, or rather they exist in a cyclical round. This phase's sacred is the last phase's profane, and vice versa. That is, in the life of a department sacred is profane, and profane sacred, if you hang around long enough. What is now in was once out (and not so long ago). What is out was in. You may ask: Well, wasn't there something in the beginning that was originally in? My answer is, "Who knows?" The origin of any department and its curriculum are hopelessly enveloped in the miasmal mist of myth. I know this to be a fact. I was founding chairman of a department formed only thirteen years ago, and its beginnings are now purely mythical. In meetings departmental members are known occasionally to evoke the original world of 1964, but it is myth. I don't recognize it when it is called up. Indeed, I discovered myself fast becoming a mythical creature and losing material substance. Since I have left Irvine, I have probably taken on demonic form and size.

Let me give you an example of cyclicity. Let us examine what periodically happens to the curriculum. I remember sharing an office years ago at Michigan State with a colleague nearing retirement who observed that the plan going around the department to throw out the old survey of English literature in favor of a sequence of genre courses was a repetition of what had happened in the early years of his career. Thus he had observed, he said, a full cycle. In each case the debates were the same. The curriculum that was in was defended as sacred and indispensable; that which was out was regarded as subversive and without quality. But note that it made no difference which was currently in or out. The in was sacred, the out profane.

In recent years we have seen a variation of this cycle with the introduction of panic in English departments once falling enrollments occurred, and the resulting appearance of a huge number of courses on anything practical or practically anything. Hardly sacred except to the teachers who find their positions saved by them, hardly profane because not yet blended into the cycle involving what should or should not be required, these courses are merely looked upon with contempt. I shall have more to say about this later.

Teaching is always regarded as a sacred trust--so sacred that the supposedly wisest and most venerable of the tribe avoid touching it if at all possible. Teachers develop their own rituals and talismans in order to preserve themselves intact while engaged with the sacred object. First there is the Kiva, where chairs are arranged in a circle, all--even the teacher--being plunged thereby into the magic wheel or great world navel. The protective movement here is the return to innocence of the ritual of show and tell. One of the advantages of this is that everything will take longer, magically reducing linear to human time. Audio-visual aids, including wands and lanterns are often adequate devices to protect against the necessity of prolonged speech or the opening of a book, an object often thought too sacred for eye-contact. Adolescent dress and various forms of facial hair provide disguise enabling ritual identification with the hierophants.

One of the principal characteristics of tribal life is hierarchy, and students are certainly a part of that. They are in all the prophetic books--that is, catalogues--sacred, whether statistical or individual, except that from the time of their arrival on campus they are assigned an exceedingly low order in the great chain of being. Previous to their arrival they are wooed in the tradition of courtly love by the university's publications office, complete with letters that appear to be hand-typed. It is no wonder that they suffer disorientation when they arrive and discover their true hierarchic status. They have plummeted from the rank of holy child to the order of numerical digit. They have no credit, must pay in advance the last month's rent, a cleaning deposit, and the light bill. They must pay a registration fee and such other fees as the university is afraid to call "registration fee." They must take second choice in classes, compete to obtain a locker, and park at a respectful distance from all temples of learning. Their names and sex are garbled on printouts, and they are miraculously enrolled in exotic courses that they have never heard of. Their department does or does not assign them to advisers, who may or may not care or know what is going on, and their advice frequently conflicts with holy writ as set down by the registrar. In the faculty mind students, when sacred, are ritually entertained by courses in the Art of Flash Gordon, Shakespeare at the Movies, The Structure of James Bond, and Women in Alaska Eskimo Literature. In the sacred vision students are consumers in a heavenly intellectual supermarket, and faculty members are supposed to empathize with them in the same way that John Keats claimed he got down with the sparrows and picked around in the gravel. In the profane view, students are a necessary hindrance, the perfect version of college being All Souls at Oxford, where there are none. Students in the profane vision are thought of as if they were the billiard ball that Keats claimed he spent some time trying to get inside. If Keats had been a professor, he would have given up after fifty minutes, calling it a good try. Perhaps he would not have tried at all had he read the paper once handed to me on the "Grecian Urn." It began: "Keats went up into his attic and found this old shape." For those of you who have read so many freshman themes that Keats has blended into a horizon of dangling modifiers and comma splices, I believe the exegesis the student performed was of the first two lines of stanza five:

> O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede of marble men and maidens overwrought.

By the time the student got to the word "brede," his interpretive powers were apparently exhausted. A good thing, too, since he was an agricultural student and one of his colleagues once wrote for me that Blake's poem "The Sick Rose" was about a specific form of plant disease that he had been studying. But I digress from my analysis of the profane, since these are examples of innocence, which is sacred, though at times trying in twenty-year-olds. The sacredness of students is cyclical, since when they become alumni they are again objects of adoration, receiving more mail from their institution than they were ever favored with as undergraduates.

Though attitudes toward students range from sacred to profane, there is no such ambiguity about the attitude of any given professor toward his or her colleagues, seen in the aggregate. I have already observed in **The Academic Tribes** that literary academics tend to eschew all group activities even when in groups and that their drinking habits are deliberate, stately, and often morose. It is no surprise that their favorite team sport is baseball. It might, I suppose, be track, an individualized team sport except that no literary person likes to see anyone run for a distance of more than ninety feet.

Of all profane creatures in academic life, the dean is the most. Only Wiglaf ever succeeded in counting all his heads. Even if the dean was once a professor of English, he has since undergone the sort of metamorphosis we encounter in **The Faerie Queene**. Or if not a dragon, his is what William Blake called a sky-god: Old Nobadaddy, a purely abstract, thus mysterious being without human form. Such mystery, in time, does, however, take on cyclically a certain sacred awesomeness, principally because deans rarely appear to anyone in corporeal form. On those rare occasions when they do they seem to have thundered majestically in a secret tongue. The dean is "administration," not human, with an electronic, rather than a nervous system. Yet professors, especially chairmen, ought to make every attempt to humanize these creatures, since their capacity for violence is considerable and their ignorance of the brilliant competence and indispensability of the department and its faculty is a matter bruising to the collective ego, even though no individual professor sees his colleagues as more than profane.

But to the typical professor the profession itself is profane--except when it is attached from the outside, whereupon it suddenly becomes sacred and is made to look as mysterious as possible. The professoriate's idea of holy communion is to eat itself. Our profession takes a worse beating from us than from anyone else. In two ways. First, by omission. We do not seem to understand that if we do not argue for our role in the cultural scheme, no one else will; and worse yet, some other group will try to preempt it. We are the experts on writing and its teaching. We too often underplay the fact that we are the ones who have the considerable experience and training in this field.

(cont. on page 7)

Sacred, Profane, and Humane

(cont. from page 6)

Perhaps this is because it seems habitual to us. We too often let it be assumed or even say that the teaching of writing really can be done by anyone who can think. This is unfortunately untrue, as so many experiments in spreading this responsibility--including one of my own--has shown. Teachers in other fields can be encouraged to assign and insist on competent writing, but they cannot be expected to bear responsibility for an academic subject in which they have not been trained. We must adopt the stance of responsibility and insist on the importance of what we do. If people do not understand this, we must teach them. This means that we need more spokesmen. More English professors and humanists need to be in academic administration at all levels, displacing some of the former football coaches, teachers of driver training and counselors who now abound at the secondary level and the physicians, pure scientists, social scientists, and educationists who abound at the college level.

In other words, it might be well if we stopped complaining over coffee, where we are marvelously articulate and witty,and got intothe educational swim. We all know that an English teacher is an expert at invective against distant authority, but how many go beyond this stage and employ wit in positive pursuit of an educational goal?

Though we profane our profession, we also treat it as sacred. One professor I know even believed that we had better treat it as a mystery because if the public really knew what we do, that would be the end of it. There is in academic life a working myth of the profession as a sacred society complete with initiation rites and trials by ordeal. This myth of the sacred--and secret--society is maintained even as we subject it to strong criticism from within. In the end, it may not be an entirely bad thing, but note that we complain about it mightily when we observe it in other professions such as medicine and law.

It seems to me that we might try to regard our profession, which is principally the study of language, as neither sacred nor profane but simply humane. We represent a liberal art on the table of academic organization, but we are also a conserving force. We attempt to conserve the human liberating verbal power, which is also one of the forms of imaginative power--the most powerful of such forms. We charge ourselves with the liberation of man from his inarticulateness. Also, as critics of the written and spoken word--and specifically as literary critics--our role is to mediate, educate, and celebrate. It is more than ever a desperately important role. This is not so because U.S. News and World Report now dramatically tells us--as if it were news to you and me--that corporations are suddenly seeking liberal arts graduates because they seem to be able to express themselves well, i.e., think, and this is needed. But why haven't the corporations been told this astounding news before, and again and again, so this revelation does not have to come in twenty-five year cycles? I think we must conclude that it is in part our fault. We must face and face continually the tremendous pressure of the tendency to generalize individual imaginative power into the abstract notion of mass man, who is then regarded as a pawn of external historical forces. Artists have traditionally stood against this terrifying and demeaning notion. But artists need help in their struggle, and it is we who ought to provide it.

We must, therefore, be mediators for the artists, because the language of individual vision in our generalizing and abstracting culture needs a spokesman and an interpreter.

Further, we must educate and propagandize for the true voices of our literary heritage. Our students must be guided to the worthwhile texts. This is particularly urgent when we consider the wild proliferation of texts in our own time and the savage slaughter of language in the daily media. To educate is to make judgments and to teach the act of reaching judgments. Generally, we seem to have lost faith in our critical capacities. Part of this may perhaps be attributed to the dulled or undeveloped senses of those to whom we address our pleas. Part may stem from our desires to be democratic. As a result we have sometimes abandoned our own taste; we have even on occasion tried to model it in the image of those we teach. This has been easy enough to do--really a matter of passivity--since we are part of a culture that caters to the majority and the majority today is youth or barely past adolescence. Perhaps luckily, this phenomenon is passing, but the majority is passing into adulthood, where ignorance and innocence of taste is no longer charming but monstrous. Incidentally, the best argument I know today for adult or continuing education is one I have not heard uttered--that we failed the first time around.

This leads me to the third argument, that we must be celebrative. We must ourselves advertise what we believe to be important and great, and we must not hesitate to confess our love for it. When we do this, however, we need not sacralize any more than we need demystify with a vengeance. We should convey our respect for the great verbal works of the past. They are, after all, the work of real people left to us. They are part of our present and are of use because we all have to make a present (which includes a vision of the past) every day. I do not believe at all in the supermarket concept of literary or any other education or the assumption that we must meet our students at their level--somewhat below "Star Wars" and James Bond, I am told. Blake defended the difficulty of his art by arguing that anything worthwhile should "rouse the faculties to act." He also claimed that children had always appreciated his poems. This is a two-fold lesson. Let us as members of this profession try to influence in as many ways as we can the development not merely of the skill of reading but the art of reading in our elementary and secondary schools.

We can make an image of man from the flotsam and jetsam of culture--advertising, junk mail, pop records, sensational magazines, the comics, and commercial television; or we can clean out our curriculum and influence the curricula of secondary and primary education. We can concern outselves with the language of those who have really asked what it is to be human. We can mediate, educate, and celebrate. Our profession ought not to be involved with the sacred and profane but with a vision of the humane.

Job Opening

INSTRUCTOR--ENGLISH

Mira Costa College

GENERAL INFORMATION:

The Mira Costa composition program is considered to be developmental. That is, the Department assesses new students' writing abilities by administering a two-hour placement instrument which includes a 50-minute essay. Students are then individually placed in one of three writing courses. The Department is dedicated to the belief that all students can learn to write a simple declarative sentence. Writing indeed is not a talent that only a few gifted people possess; instead it is a skill that everyone can learn with varying degrees of proficiency. We also believe that students don't fail science courses because they lack scientific aptitude. We know that a grounding in basic subjects is the corner stone of all academic success.

DUTIES:

The total assignment will involve remedial work and composition. Specifically, it will focus on technical writing classes. Literature will be important only as it relates to composition.

QUALIFICATIONS:

M.A. in English from an accredited college or university.

Chosen candidate must have demonstrated ability in teaching composition. Experience in writing lab is also desirable.

Applicants must be eligible for credential in language arts. In addition, they should either hold a community college teaching credential or display full knowledge of the community college's special mandate and educational function.

SALARY:

Placement on the certificated salary schedule depending upon education and experience, not to exceed a total of five years' experience credit.

Also: A 1-year sabbatical leave replacement; qualifications parallel those above.

Julie Hatoff, Chair.

Deadline: May 1

Mira Costa College
Oceanside, CA 92054

NEW LOGO

The Five-Foot Shelf

(cont. from page 3)

assignments that will be proven and valid for the gallimaufry (or olla podria, as the case may be) of instructors and students to be found in college composition classes. It is time to stop reporting on pet, probably one-time, projects ("I did this in my English 27 class this semester, and it worked great!"), something which H.P. Guth was deprecating fourteen years ago in 1964, and start "replicating" and researching in a more systematic way. This can be done only if the previous research and writing about composition is thoroughly surveyed and promising theories and techniques selected and tried out by many instructors in many classes at many colleges over a reasonable length of time.

Finally, each department should make more use of its own resources and aid in the disseminating of information and communication among its members that have long been advocated in books and articles and have been recently reported glowingly in this journal as happening at San Bernardino Valley College (inside english, Fall 1976). The department should keep on file or have reported at department meetings reviews of new textbooks (many teachers assiduously look through these but then never share their--often hard-earned--opinions with colleagues); furthermore, a file should be kept assessing these texts after use in the classroom. A whole journal-- the Exercise Exchange, listed in section VIII of my bibliography--is devoted to assignments, exercises, tasks, which, whatever they are called, often vitally affect the quality of student writing both in individual assignments and in overall development. The English department should, as is now being done at Golden West College, keep on file multiple copies of assignments for various composition courses (first-semester remedial, second-semester remedial, freshman, transfer, non-transfer), since a good deal--even a great deal--of creative energy often goes into these. And again, a record should also be kept of how well they have worked, what modifications have been found necessary or successful for them, and so on, based on actual classroom experience.

All of this is not a proposal (Swiftian or otherwise) to make an exact science out of teaching composition, complete with a statistician brought in from the math or sociology department to quantify the results through multiple regression analysis on the computer. But it can be more informed; and the more informed we are about this subject, together with the more concerted action we take to test, verify, and report on various theories and methods in as many classrooms as possible, the more efficient and effective we may become in doing our jobs--and perhaps in retarding the decline in literacy we so fervidly lament.

Additions to the Composition Bibliography

by Norman Prinsky

I. Bibliographical

Gary Tate, ed., TEACHING COMPOSITION: TEN BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS (Texas Christian University, 1976).

IV. Anthologies

Richard Bossone, ed., TEACHING BASIC ENGLISH COURSES (Von Nostrand Reinhold, c. 1971).

Charles R. Cooper and L. Odell, eds., EVALUATING WRITING: DESCRIBING, MEASURING, JUDGING (1977).

Kenneth Donelson, ed., RHETORIC AND COMPOSITION IN THE CLASSROOM (NCTE, 1974).

Sister Judine, ed., A GUIDE FOR EVALUATING STUDENT COMPOSITION (NCTE, 1965).

VI. Miscellaneous--but Important

Thom Hawkins, GROUP INQUIRE TECHNIQUES FOR TEACHING WRITING (NCTE, 1976).

E.D. Hirsch, THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION (University of Chicago Press, 1978).

James L. Kinneavy, A THEORY OF DISCOURSE (Prentice-Hall, c. 1971).

Carol F. Laque and P.A. Sherwood, A LABORATORY APPROACH TO WRITING (NCTE, 1977).

Mina P. Shaughnessy, ERRORS AND EXPECTATIONS: A GUIDE FOR THE TEACHER OF BASIC WRITING (Oxford University Press, c. 1977).

VIII. Journals to Subscribe to

FRESHMAN ENGLISH RESOURCE NOTES (University of Nevada).

Open Letter to Educational Testing Service

It is my understanding that College Level Examination Program credit was originally intended for mature students whose life experiences and independent study parallel knowledge gained in lower division classrooms. Though we have not been apprised of such persons' raw scores, we presume that these applicants have competence which compares favorably with the knowledge of first-semester sophomores. In principle, I support the concept. However, I strongly oppose granting college credit to youngsters who score at the fiftieth percentile or even lower on your exams, whose raw scores may be little higher than that which chance could earn for them. You thereby deny youthful students opportunities for developing their intellectual and social abilities in the college setting. Awarding advanced collegiate standing to CLEP examinees belies evidence which shows declining levels of achievement among our nation's young.

Specifically, I am affronted (and my present students share this anger) when you profess to measure learning and thinking skills with a 90-minute essay test which asks less rigor from the examinee than we expect of our remedial writing students. This latter group can compose a letter of complaint, a descriptive profile, and a narrative. In Freshman English, by contrast, we teach a higher order of analytical thinking. Moreover, we methodically assist students in library research. No where do you evaluate what we are able to do over the course of 54 hours of classroom instruction.

A second area of major disagreement concerns your charging students a hefty sum for this exam while expecting us at the community college level to both assess the students' performance (i.e. read the essays) and then grant the credit. You assume we will gladly jump through your academic hoops even though we neither gain from the students' participation in our classes nor profit from the revenue their attendance would generate.

Your failure to alert examinees themselves of CLEP credits' spurious value has proved the final insult. As you yourselves know and fail to tell the students, few transferring institutions--except those dispensing dial-a-degrees--will accept these bogus English units. Your advertisements to the contrary, this instrument doesn't begin to demand the skills expected of advanced-placement students whose abilities I do respect and whose right to enroll in upper division courses I don't contest.

Therefore as Chair of the Letters Department, I am recommending that my colleagues in English and those in counseling refuse to sanction our participation in CLEP. It is an academic (sic) charade which hoodwinks students of composition.

from Julie Hatoff, Chair
Letters Department
Mira Costa College

For James and His Teacher

He writes I am somebody, I am somebody, I am somebody,
Days we feel that nobody, nobody, nobody inherits our soul
Nobody nobody nobody dwells within us
And we've got to tell him he is and will be someday somebody
He says he's one of a kind and days he can't decide
How he's so different, how he's unique
Like the unique numbers he learned about in math class
Like the unique cell structures he learned about in biology,
He writes like nobody knows, like nobody knows,
Like nobody knows and his brain cells are gellatinous and gray
Like everyone else's and he says don't believe it
Somewhere there may be similarity, but no one else
Like me, no one else like me and please teacher,
Help me make it true, like nobody, nobody but you can

by Nancy Edwards
Bakersfield College